

Compliments of the
Senior Class 1920

Philip Bennett

To the friends of Taylor who have helped
the University in the testing hours of its
history and who we are assured will
continue to give their encouragement,
this Gem of 1920 is gratefully dedicated.





Foreword

To the life of every school come changes which make each year stand out as a distinct part of the whole history of the institution. It has been the purpose of the Gem Staff of 1920 to give a representation of the faculty, student body and school life in general of the school year of 1919-20.

We make no claim to perfection in the attempted task but we ask you as reader of the book to seek and you will find within its pages that which will bring pleasure, sharpen the wit, and stimulate the intellect. We hope the "Gem" will accomplish its mission of linking your thoughts with the ideals for which Taylor stands and thus make of each of us a servant of humanity.





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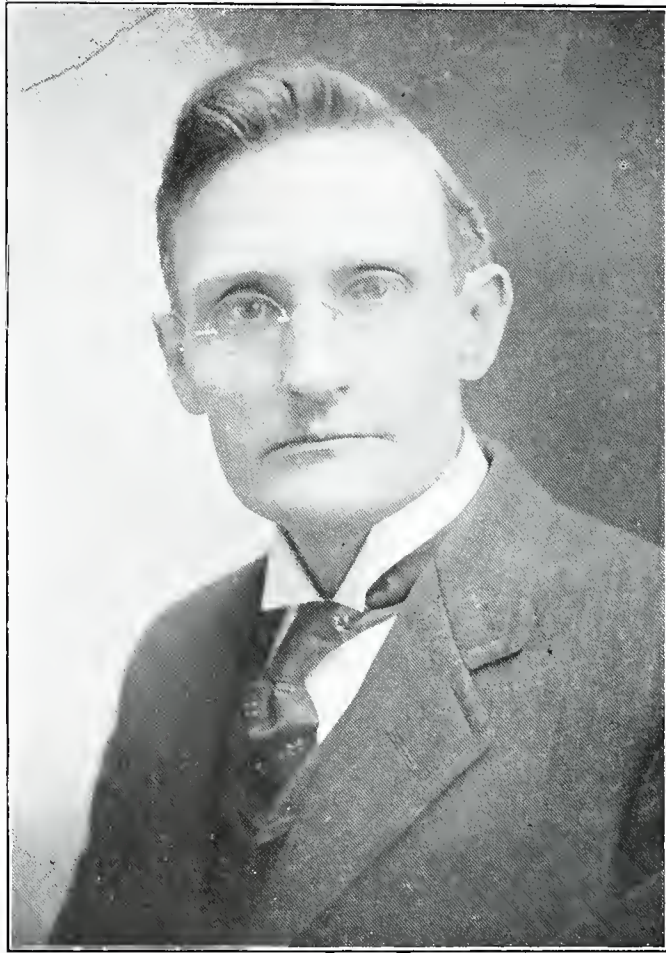
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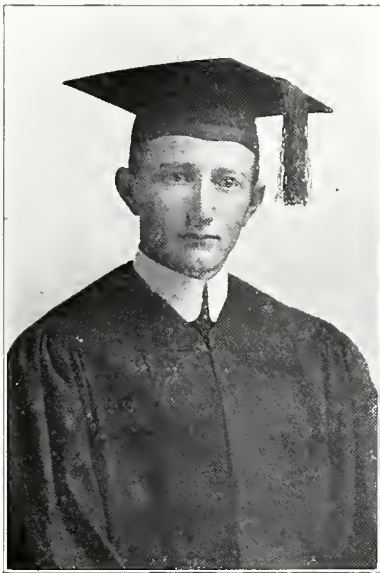
MISS ALMA PATTON,
Violin



MRS. MYRTLE STANT,
Professor of Voice



TAYLOR VIEW



FRANCIS O. PHILLIPS,
Upland, Indiana

T. U. A. '11; Central Holiness University; Taylor University '15, A. B.; Prayer Band; Holiness League; Thalonian; Eulogonian.

"Knowledge is power
Love sought is good."



LOIS COPE,
Beloit, Ohio

Emporia, Kansas, H. S. '15; Central Holiness University '19, A. B.; Adrian College '19, A. B.; Prayer Band; Holiness League; Student Volunteer Band; I. P. A.; Soangetaha; Philalethean.

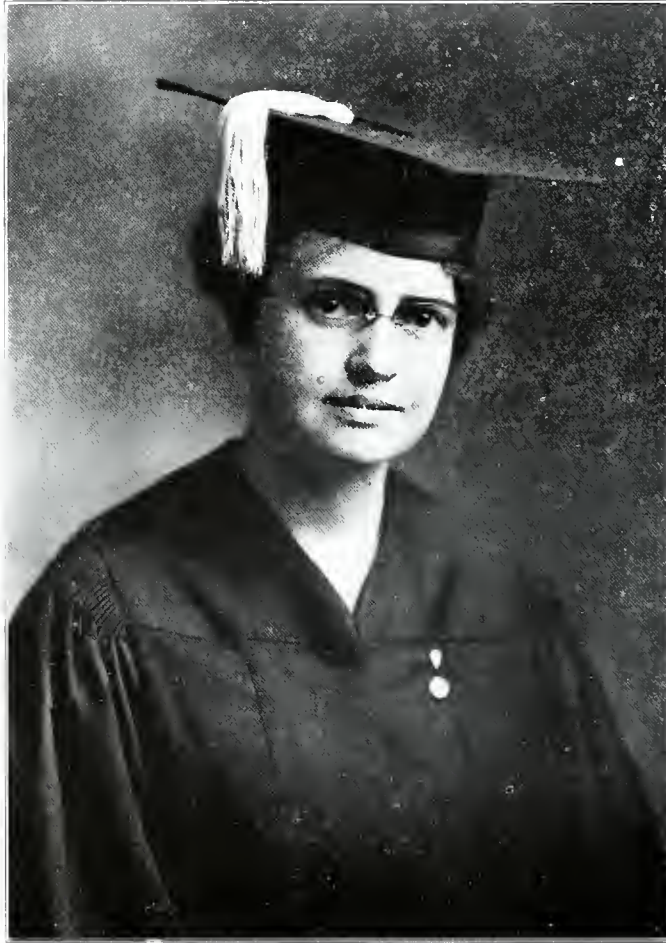
"She was active, stirring, all fire."



Motto:

Non Nobis Solum





MISS LULU R. WALTON,
Senior Class Adviser; Director of Expression
Department



ROSS J. HUTSINPILLER

Dickey Co., N. Dakota.

Oakes H. S. '07; State Normal-Industrial School, Ellendale, N. D. '11; Class President; Gem Staff; Student Volunteer Band; Holiness League; Prayer Band; Philaethean; Eureka; Echo Staff 1918-19. I. P. A.

"He is quite correct, you know;
He speaks carefully and slow."

GILBERT A. STILES

Detroit, Mich.

Bay City Eastern H. S.; Heidelberg University; Philaethean; Eulogonian; Basketball; Baseball; Gem Staff; Class Vice-President.

"Gie honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that."

CHAUNCEY JEFFERS

Grand Rapids, Ohio.

G. R. H. S. '07; Adrian College; Philaethean; Gem Staff; Class Treasurer.

"High and solemn thoughts are his
Clean deeds and honorable life."





ALICE ESKES

Coleharbor, N. Dakota.

Central Holiness University; Student Volunteer Band; Soangetaha; Thalonian; Gem Staff; Prayer Band.

"Nothing she does or seems but speaks of something greater than herself."

WILLIAM B. O'NEILL

Vieques, Porto Rico.

Asbury College Academy; Muskingham College; Philalethean; Eureka; I. P. A.; Gem Staff.

Friend to truth, of soul sincere;
In action faithful, and in honor clear."

FLORENCE ELISABETH BINGHAM

Canton, Ohio.

C. H. S. '16; Asbury College; Prayer Band; Holiness League; Philalethean; Soangetaha; I. P. A.; Gem Staff; Class Secretary.

"Sincere, whole-hearted, loving and kind."



FRANK LEE

Spring Arbor, Michigan.

Spring Arbor Seminary; Hillsdale College; with A. E. F. in France 1918-19; Thalonian; Eureka; Inter-Society Debater; Gem Staff.

"And still the wonder grew;
That one small head should carry all he knew."

LULU CLINE

Greenfield, Indiana.

G. H. S. '11; Indianapolis Conservatory of Music; Prayer Band; Holiness League; Songetaha; Philalethean; Instructor; Class Reporter.

"No life can be pure in its purpose, or strong
in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

ALFREDO GONZALES

Jaro, Philippine Islands.

I. H. S., P. I.; Olivet University; Instructor.

"Short in stature, long in thought."





KENNETH AYRES

Upland, Indiana.

T. U. A. '14; Philalethean; Eureka.

"A sober man with sober phiz
Who does his work and minds his biz."

LUCY BROOKS

Louisville, Ky.

Chicago Deaconess Training School; Philalethean;
Assistant Librarian; Gem Staff.

"You will love her when you know her."

ALLISON ROGERS

Hartford H. S. Conn.; Mt. Hermon School, Mass.;
Ohio Wesleyan; Central Holiness University, Iowa;
Student Volunteer Band; Philalethean, Gem Staff.

"There is no pleasure like the
pain of being loved, and loving."



To Our Alma Mater.

And mirthful Nature revels at the close of parting day;
With pompous robe the Sun sets o'er the tree-tops far away
 But sad will sound, while we linger in thy peaceful bow'r,
 The vesper bell that soon will toll the parting hour.
So let us loiter, O awhile, beneath thy shadow
Ere the winged parting hour prompts us away to go.

The tranquil hour of rest, the hour of parting soon will come
And starry Night, with soft and solemn voice, will prompt us home;
 But in the silent watches of the peaceful night
 Our souls will pierce the dark that hides thee from our sight;
And the chill night wind will bear our wish sincere to Life's bliss-
ful shore
That thou, Taylor belov'd, may grow and last forevermore.

Distinct, as herald Dawn begins to tear Night's jewelled shroud,
Will swiftly reach our ears the voice of Duty, stern and loud.
 That quickening call to nobler task—to higher worth
 May we, prepared, be swift to answer and go forth,
Forth to bless the world; and as our Lord forgot His own
Untainted Self, so may we live not to ourselves alone.

Taylor, although to thee we promise naught this parting time,
May we express our love and gratitude in simple rime;
 Love, that amidst the long days of mutual toil was born,
 And gratitude profound that will not die at morn.
Long may the Holy Spirit that dwelleth within thy bound abide
In us our hearts to cheer, our souls to keep, our steps to guide.

But lo! the evening shades are deepening fast on fields and trees;
I feel the kiss, I hear the murmur, of the twilight breeze;
 And hark! I hear the soft, sad sound of the vesper bell
 That tolls the parting hour. The world is dark—farewell!
Oh, may the Hand that guides the lone, belated wanderer
With thee, on Love's and Truth's unerring way, abide fore'er!

—A. Q. Gonzalez.



History of the Class of 1920

"TRUTH comes to us from the past, as gold is washed down from the mountains of Sierra Nevada, in minute but precious particles, and intermixed with infinite alloy."—Bovee.

To chronicle the history of the Taylor University "Class of 1920" individually would require record of at least eighty young Americans. There were sixty of us as Freshmen. It has been written that in the Sophomore year "the class is but a shadow of its former self," even though there were enrolled that year fourteen new members, making the Sophomore class thirty-one. Our country's entrance into the war had drawn its toll, not only of those who had enlisted, but of many others whose withdrawal from school had been necessitated by the tensity of general conditions. As Juniors we were ten, one new name appearing that year; while in our Senior roll of twelve are included three members new to Taylor this year, two others, who before they went into the army, had been Juniors with former classes, and one, who at the close of her Junior year, spent a year as a teacher.

Of those who have been enrolled in the class in former years, three graduated with the class of 1919. Ten are now in other classes in Taylor, the courses of most of them having been interrupted by military service. A few are in other colleges; some have entered homes of their own; and in the field of duty others are to be found as ministers, missionaries, teachers, banker and others.

Of the twelve now composing the class, we find two, Miss Brooks and Mr. Jeffers, who have been with the class the full four years. There were eight of us here the next year; and six last year, four of whom had entered in the fall of 1917 to continue the three years.

We number in the class natives of six states, of Porto Rico and of the Philippines. Our preparatory and undergraduate training has been contributed to by ten high schools, three academies, eight colleges, one seminary, one summer school, one deaconess training school, one army school, one conservatory of music and two other schools. Lest some one think we are a company of uncertain wanderers, let it be noticed that we have averaged three years in Taylor.

Half of the class hope to go to the mission field. In the past teaching has been the favorite occupation, followed in order by farming, preaching and soldiering. Among our number we find teacher and pupil, farmer and soldier, postman and librarian, orator and salesman, artist and athlete, deaconess and student volunteer. May we look upon our varied experiences and history as a sacred trust, and go forth from the halls and class rooms of Taylor into fields of service, "not for ourselves alone," but for God and humanity wherever our call may lead us.

ROSS J. HUTSINPILLER.



Who's Who in the Senior Class

MISS BROOKS—

This lady from the Corn-cracker State is extremely fond of laughing. She is a deaconess by calling. Nobody, not even Mr. Lee, seems to be able to understand her. Emerson would call her great, but we prefer to term her "paradoxical."

MISS CLINE—

A quiet Hoosier lady; a book-worm; fond of making all kinds of high grades. A great historian; will publish "The History of Fluenza, Esq."

MISS BINGHAM—

A smart lady from the Buckeye State; reserved, but seems unable to conceal her love for beautiful Porto Rico.

MR. LEE—

A Michi-gander; a Mark Twain come to Taylor. Declares he can't see the molecules but claims to have heard the fly crow, "The Democrat."

MR. O'NEILL—

Hails from Porto Rico, and takes great pride in being Uncle Sam's nephew; fond of beans, rice, macaroni and fresh bread. Lood out, Madam Suffragette! This Chrysostom of the Senior Class is determined to make "mamma" stay at home. "The Republican."

MR. GONZALEZ—

A plain fellow is "Prof." from the far-off "Pearl of the Orient."

MR. HUTSINPILLER—

From the Flickertail State; married and a good husband. This gentleman seems to carry a mental scale—weighs every word he sends out.

MR. JEFFERS—

From the Buckeye State—married. Quiet and deep; fond of philosophic contemplation; "Silence is Golden."

MR. STILES—

Another from the Buckeye State; married, an athlete top-notch; has a powerful voice; a live-wire—shocks even her, sometimes.

MR. AYRES—

A Hoosier; another married Senior. Kenneth is our only scientist and mathematician; expects to invent an instrument for magnifying and measuring the ions.

MR. ROGERS—

From the Nutmeg State. About to marry; can Cope with the situation.

MISS ESKES—

A Flickertail lady. A suffragette of no mean power—look out, Bill! This lady prefers to live unto herself, and of course, if———.



The Essentials of True Leadership

(Prof. Geo. Shaw)

Motituri Salutamus. "We who are about to die salute you." So said one of old time to Caesar. And so say we to you who are about to leave university halls to take your place among the leaders of Church, State and Society. The crying need of the age is for true leaders. The world is in a chaotic state and madness is in the hearts of men. Madness and fear and a dreadful uncertainty fill the minds of onlooking humanity. Blind guides there are a plenty but the world was never in greater need of true and sane leadership. The leaders of tomorrow are in the schools of today. To graduate from college is the privilege of a very few. To have a college education means that you will in all probability be a leader among men. Just what kind of a leader you will be will depend upon your native ability and how well you have applied yourself to your academic studies. It will also depend upon how you grasp the essential elements of leadership. Conditions of leadership will change, but the essential qualifications remain the same—the same whether it be Napoleon on the plains of Lombardy or Foch on the devastated plains of Picardy; whether Paul on Mars' Hill or Wesley on the moors of Smithfield. No matter how well you have mastered theories in the class room you are now to grapple with facts and deal with the hearts and wills of the people. You have yet to learn the truth of the poet's words that "the best study of mankind is man."

The first essential of true leadership is faith in the future. You have youth and with youth is vision. The leader must not sit down and waste his time in vain regrets over the "irrevocable past," but must stir his heart over the possibilities which lie in the "available future."

"How beautiful is youth, all possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands in its sublime
audacity of faith."

To believe in these possibilities is the first great essential of leadership. You must believe in success before success can crown your labor. There can be no crowning victory if you embark on a doubtful course. You must believe in yourself and the cause you espouse. You must believe through the darkest hours of seeming defeat that ultimately you will succeed. To lose faith is sure defeat. You must have the will to believe. This thing we call faith is the soul's anchorage when the storms of opposition threaten with destruction the work our hands are trying to perform. We must refuse to listen to the prognosticators of failure and push on in joyful anticipation of final victory. "Faith is a subjective continuity of disposition and will, which seeks to hold firmly to an objective continuity in existence." Faith holding fast in the darkest hour of seeming defeat has brought the sure reward of ultimate and glorious victory. The war phrase of the English troops when their back was to the wall was "carry on." You could not choose a better phrase than this for your life work. "Carry On." And this is what



faith is, it is carrying on in the face of the greatest difficulties and re-treating with the hope and expectation of advancing.

I would put as the second essential of true leadership the passion to work. Leadership means toil. Indefatigable toil is the lot of the world's leaders. You must join heart and hand with the doers of things. There is no time for idleness in the life of the leader of men. He must keep in touch with the world's movements and the world's thought. He must close ranks with men and women who

"Labored in their sphere, as men who live
In the delight that work done can give."

The leaders of men are those who "while others slept" they "were upward toiling in the night." The command of heaven is "son, go work today in my vineyard." The true leader works not because he has to, but because it is a passion for him to do so. He works because there is work in him. John Ruskin says, "Nobody does anything well that they cannot help doing; work is only done well when it is done with a will; and no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should, and is in his place." We must keep this always in mind that the leaders of tomorrow are always chosen from the workers of today. And remember, as the frank Englishman says, "wise work is always honest, useful, and cheerful."

Then again the leaders must be willing to make sacrifices. The world has never learned how to pay its true benefactors or to reward its true workers. The true work of the world is never well paid for by those who receive its benefits. The leader must be content to know that he is doing a worthwhile work. Leadership means sacrifice and often very painful sacrifice at that. A leader must forge ahead into unbroken and entangled byways. He must venture into unknown regions like Abraham, "not knowing whither." He must tread lonely and thorny pathways. "We depend for our welfare upon sacrifices offered by another person." The scholar makes sacrifices in order that he might lead others into newly discovered fields of scientific and literary thought. Our comforts and joys are the result of the sacrifices of others. Leaders are mocked and jeered at by their contemporaries but they have the joy of knowing that they lead and sometime that they will be remembered by grateful people. All the blessings of modern invention have cost men suffering and anguish. The sacrifice has been great and the pay small. Let Ruskin speak again. "None of the best work in art, literature, or science is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his Iliad? or Dante for his Paradise? only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs. In science, the man who discovered the telescope, and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon; the men who invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died of starvation driven from their home; it is indeed very clear that God means all thoroughly good work and talk to be done for nothing." A true leader never asks what shall I have therefor but what can I do in this work a day world and how well can I do it. The greatest reward that can come to the noble soul is to know that he has done something in life and he has done that something well. The only



plaudit he asks for is the voice within saying well done. Then work, work with all your heart, work until thy earth's task is done.

And again the leader of men must have patience to wait results. He must bring himself under the strictest discipline. He must be able to think calmly and quickly. He must have a well balanced judgment and a fine sensed soul. Around the portrait of the intrepid Luther are the words of his favorite verse in the Latin tongue, "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Leaders must have anchored souls, In the title page of that beautiful book the "Christian Year" John Keble says, "next to a sound rule of faith there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion." A leader must be patient of results. He must endure reverses and setbacks and be willing to wait results of his labor. He may have to wait many years for the bread he has cast upon the waters. He will sow in tears but he shall also reap in joy in due season. He must not be in haste for he that believeth shall not make haste. Impatience is a sure mark of inability to lead. He must not let temporal failures daunt him, but like Disraeli, who failed in his maiden speech in Parliament, he should say, "some day you will hear me." And they did. To hurry with your work, to take the line of least resistance, will mean to fail of the best results. The time element in life's work is most important. Waterloo was won not only by the bravery of the English troops but equally by the calm waiting of Wellington who waited for the right moment to let loose his panting eager legions.

There is still another essential to true leadership. The leader must be willing to stand alone. You must have the courage to "cut yourself adrift from all parties; be a slave to no maxims"; stand forth, unfettered and free, servant only to the truth. You will then often stand alone, "grandly alone," untrammelled by the prejudices of any, and free to admire the beauty, and love the goodness of them all. "The great Apostle said "I have made myself free from all men in order that I might be servant of all." The world's true leaders are always free from the petty party spirit. They are men who tower above the paltry bickering of a frail humanity. They do not live for the applause of men nor for a temporal reward but for a cause. You must choose some noble cause and devote your soul to its success.

Cultivate then a broad mind and a loving heart. Hold fast to fundamentals, but be free enough to leave traditions where you find they are not founded in the pure dogmas of humanity. Be loyal to truth as God gives you to see the truth. Let virtue, love of God and mankind be the stars to guide you to your destiny. May each one of you be found among those of whom Carlisle wrote when he said, "Blessed be heaven there is here and there a man born who loves truth as truth should be loved, with all his heart and all his soul, and hates an untruth with a corresponding perfect hatred."



Junior College

Motto: Veritas Prevalebit



Peace

I wandered thru a maze of thot,
The truth I could not find;
I vainly groped for peace and rest,
To ease my troubled mind.

Thru long dark days I struggled on,
'Mid books and works of art;
A void remained they could not fill,
Nor could they calm my heart.

I found a Book that told of peace,
And One I longed to know,
Who promised rest and sweet release
To those who walk below.

I freely gave my life to Him,
I took Him for my King;
His light broke in upon my path,
And now my heart can sing.

No more I wander lone and sad;
"My peace I give to thee,"
Christ whispers, as He walks beside,
And gently speaks to me.

—E. Tresler.



JOHN BUGHER

Upland, Indiana.

U. H. S. '17; President Class '21; Thalonian;
Eurekan; I. P. A. Expression Club; Echo Staff;
Chemistry Assistant.

"He aspires to the best there is for man;
Good deeds and noble thoughts are his."

FRANCIS BROWN

Danville, Illinois.

Ann Arbor High School, '17; Editor-in-Chief of
Echo; Philalethean; Eulogonian; Expression Club;
I. P. A.

"He hath small stature, but a man for a' that."

EMMA JANE TRESLER

Linton, N. Dakota.

L. H. S. '15; State Normal; Expression Club; Thalo-
nian; Echo Staff; Prayer Band; I. P. A.; Soangetaha;
Student Volunteer Band.

"None know her but to love her;
None name her but to praise."

J. HERBERT BOWEN

Upland, Indiana.

U. H. S. '14; Thalonian.

"Most wise, most learned, most everything."





J. FLOYD SEELIG

Upland, Indiana.
 Philalethean; Eulogonian; Expression Club; I. P. A.
 "It is not good for man to be alone."

INES M. A. MILES

Beloit, Ohio.
 Damascus High School '15; Wooster College; Holiness League; Philalethean; I. P. A.; Soangetaha.
 "Modest and simple and sweet,
 The very type of Priscilla."

FRED D. WILDE

Asheville, N. Carolina.
 Mt. Carmel H. S.; Thalonian; Eulogonian; Holiness League; Prayer Band.
 "Lofty in mind and kind of heart."

OLIVE DUNN

North Liberty, Indiana.
 Otterbein H. S. '13; Thalonian; Soangetaha; I. P. A.; Prayer Band; Holiness League.
 "Her happiness lies in her art."



JOHN WARD ROSE

Vermont, Illinois.
 Thalonian; Eulogonian; Echo Staff.
 "Squandering wealth was his peculiar art."

M. G. McINTOSH

Upland, Indiana.
 T. U. A. '16; Philalethean; Eulogonian; Volunteer
 Band.
 "God's power points man Heavenward."

MRS. ROSS J. HUTSINPILLER

Dickey Co., N. Dakota.
 State Normal '11; Holiness League; Prayer Band;
 Soangetaha; Student Volunteer Band.
 "She lives with heart and soul alive."

T. FUJIHARA

Tamamiya Village, Japan.
 Thalonian; Holiness League.
 "A cheerful disposition and an enemy to defeat"





WILLIAM MOULTON

Flint, Mich.

F. H. S. '17; Thalonian; Eureka; I. P. A.

"Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne thee with archangels."

PAUL DUNLAP

Lupton, Mich.

R. C. H. S. '17; Thalonian; Prayer Band; Eulogonian.

"High and solemn thoughts are his;
Clean deeds and honorable life."



Chapel.



"A Visit to a French Monastery"

In the early spring of 1919, it was my good fortune and privilege to visit a monastery. As a student of ancient history, I have read with much interest about monasteries and the life of Monks, and I have learned to associate them with ancient rather than modern history. But we find people still clinging to ancient religious systems as well as other antique conventions relating to life.

Religion in Europe, as in all countries, has always experienced opposing forces and has suffered many reverses in its struggle for existence and expression. Thinking that they could receive more protection and offer more resistance by the virtue of their geographical location. St. Horonot and a few followers in the fourth century conceived the idea of building a monastery on a small island in the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Southern France, about three miles southeast of Cannes.

The island was infested with snakes but St. Horonot with a mystic rod drove them into the sea. Among the many beautiful paintings that graced the walls of the monastery is a picture of St. Horonot driving the snakes from the island. It was in this monastery under the instruction of St. Horonot that St. Patrick received his education and it was St. Horonot who endowed the rod of St. Patrick with power to drive the snakes from Ireland. After the island was freed from its snakes work was begun on the monastery. Being continuously attacked by pirates from off the northern coast of Africa, the first building to be erected was a fort, and until more structures could be built the Monks lived entirely within the walls of this fort. The top of the fort, which rose to a great height, was reached by climbing a series of winding stone steps and after climbing these I was forcibly impressed with the thought of how much labor and patience must have been expended in placing those huge stones to fulfill the designs of the builders. From the top of the fort one can, on a clear day, view Corsica and the snow-capped Alps in the far distance.

Being protected by the fort the Monks directed their efforts to the erection of other buildings until they had completed accommodations for four hundred of their number. They sought further protection by connecting their island with another about three-quarters of a mile distant, by means of a subterranean passage. At one end of the island they built an oven in which they heated cannon balls to be fired into the ships of the enemy. But in spite of all these means of protection, pirates broke through their defenses and at one time put to death a large



number of the Monks and the court ran red with the blood of these dying martyrs.

The living rooms of the monastery are of small dimensions and are called cells, a name well chosen. Leading from the cells to the chapel are cloisters, beautiful in design and proportion. Some of the columns were taken from Roman ruins dating back to and even before the birth of Christ. Upon entering the refectory my interest was immediately directed to a beautiful painting of modern date. It was a picture of the "Last Supper." It was so realistic that I, being somewhat affected by my eccentric surroundings, at a casual glance thought it was really a group of Monks seated about a table eating. This painting is universally known in the modern school of art.

These Monks, now about forty in number, still conform to the ancient traditions of Monkhood and certainly lead a most peculiar life. They consider it a sin to even look upon a woman. Only one woman has ever entered the monastery in all its fifteen or sixteen hundred years of history. Through courtesy one of the much loved queens was permitted to visit the monastery, but in order to mitigate as much as possible, the enormity of the desecration, each tile upon which she stepped was removed and carefully destroyed. There were Red Cross nurses and Y. M. C. A. girls in our party, but they were required to remain outside the walls of the monastery.

The Monks spend most of their time in their cells in prayer. At certain hours during the day and night they repair to the chapel for devotions. They are forbidden to talk with each other except one hour each week, when they convene to discuss the program for the ensuing week. They eat a very meagre diet of coarse food, consisting principally of porridge, dark bread and wine. They deprive themselves of all the conveniences of life. Their buildings are ancient in all their appointments.

While it is true that our twentieth century conceptions of Christianity and religious philosophy differ diversely from this ancient order and we would not subscribe to this system of religious activity, yet we should be slow to condemn it, for who knows but what through the prayers, writings, and devotions of these Monks much is accomplished for the good of the world and humanity.

J. HERBERT BOWEN.



Sophomore College





College Sophomore Class

Are we snappy,
Are we joyous,
Are we happy,
All of us?

Oh do we sing and do we shout
At everything we do about?
Why life is just a grand piano
In this part of Indiana!
And we're jingling off our tune
Just like the singing birds of June.

Breezes tingling,
Blossoms blowing,
Robins singing,
Heaven glowing!

Sure, we think it is a sin
If we're caught without a grin.
Why there are a lot of glories
Just in our old dormitories.
Come and hang around awhile
You'll find enough to make you smile.

Shadows sleeping,
Sun asinking,
Moon apeeking,
Stars 'awinking.

Now we play our little tune
Out beneath the silvery moon.
And if the precious little jewels
Have not been caught abreaking rules
We feel a peace both still and deep,
As we lay us down to sleep.

—Beulah Young.



Alone!

He who lives in the crowd and knows not solitude drifts with the crowd and thereby lives a life which is useless to himself as well as to others. There are certain elements which are contained in a uniquely forceful life or character which can never be obtained from association with other people. Perhaps if we saw and analyzed the heart and inner life of our friends we would be benefited. However, few if any, men disclose themselves, their real and inmost life. Why? One reason is because we cannot express our heart condition in words and so to avoid being misunderstood we remain silent and shut ourselves up within an armour of shams and conventionalities. Therefore if we wish to be lifted above the conventional and common place we must seek communion with ourselves, with the God within us, with the God above us.

It is when alone that we learn to think, to have creative thought. We have the thought of the crowd and reach out and up into a realm of truth which we knew not existed. We cease to think of material things and think abstractly, yes, spiritually. We need not forget the crowd. The needs of humanity are abstract needs and it is only things which are in themselves spiritual which will meet and satisfy all these needs.

The man who spends hours in solitude and meditation is brought face to face with the reality of life. He learns to focus his past and his anticipation of the future on the present. He realizes that he lives now and that he must BE now. It is in the hour when alone with himself and his God that his whole being is fired with a passion to be up and to step out of the common groove of life and to follow that God within him regardless of the thoughts of men. He who has never experienced the pleasure of meditation knows not the desire to live and to live for a great purpose.

Leadership in all good things falls upon the man who has spent hours, days—perhaps years, alone. Solitude loosens the hold which society has upon our lives, lifts us above our comrades, develops our manhood, our womanhood, and as a result causes our associates to see and to recognize us as possessors of that freedom which their inmost life craves. Thus we grip the crowd instead of being gripped by the crowd.

Now it is far from my thought to advocate a monastic life. Do not shun society, but do not indulge in the prevalent purposeless lingering with the crowd, and above all be sure you spend some time in communion with your better self, with no other present but your God. Emerson has said, "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

"Ponder the path of thy feet and let thy ways be established."

GEORGE FENSTERMACHER.

College Snapshots





Freshmen College



E.W. PILGRIM



E. MICHEL



R.E. TAYLOR



A.O. SMITH



M.W. BOWEN



N. EDVERMAN



C.W. SHILLING



L. OGLETREE



R.S. ARMSTRONG



M.W. HORD



J.H. COLLIER



V. SHAW



E.A. CORTEZ



L. KROHN



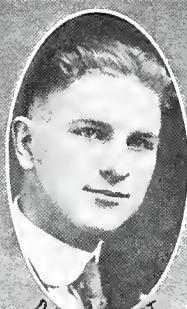
G. KROHN



B. SPRAGUE



R. SPIERS



D.L. ALBRIGHT



O.J. BRIGGS



E. ZANGE



M. ECEBERGER



J. SUTHERLAND



L.V. JONES



G.H. NELSON



H.I. BRIGGS



R.W. TEED



M. TEED



MR. DAVIS



D. BLODGETT



L.M. BONNER



V.L. BRUNER



W. AYRES



E. ABBEY



Never Say Fail!

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward
And never say fail!

The spirit of angels
Is active, I know,
As higher and higher
In glory they go;
Methinks on bright pinions
From Heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage
Who never say fail!

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
And asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
In the might of their wisdom
Who never say fail!

In life's early morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be our motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

—Selected.



The Aims and Ambitions of the Freshmen's Class

I sat on the stoop of the Samuel Morris dormitory, one beautiful spring evening, and watched "Old Sol" in all his flaming splendor slowly sing below the western horizon. Somehow this same majestic body now slipping away, to shine upon another hemisphere, reminded me of our Freshmen Class.

In the fall of 1919 the same Master Scientist, who at the beginning, in the majesty of His might stretched forth His power and concentrated the homogenous atoms of light into one mighty body to brighten the world; drew from all corners of the earth forty-two human atoms of light and diffused them into the Freshmen Class so that they might, collectively, help to brighten the Taylor family, and in return, as the sun extracts the moisture from the earth, they were to draw unto themselves knowledge and moral strength, received from the learned professors and Christian associations of Taylor.

That same day the sun had not wearied and ceased climbing after half of the morning was safely converted into a memory; thus the Freshmen Class will continue striving and although dark clouds may veil it and incarcerate its light, it will always emerge to shine the brighter, ever approaching that distant horizon until when it has reached that ever-nearing goal of graduation and sink from Taylor activities into new fields of endeavor, its going shall be heralded by a blaze of glory, and like the sun it shall transfer its light from this world to shine upon a sleeping China, an atheistic Japan, a pagan India, an unenlightened Africa, and a bolshevistic Russia.

Thus our separate aims and collective ambitions is to apply ourselves in training so that when we have received our diplomas, Taylor's benediction shall be as a father's blessing to his son before he goes out to illuminate the dark corners of the world.

The Lord said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The prayer of the Freshmen Class is that the Lord may show them the light in order that they may carry out His commandment.

JOHN. HERSHEL COLLIER.

MEMORIES

Like the memory of a fragrance that I fain would breathe again,
Those memories that haunt and haunt the blind footsteps of men.
Yes the past that rises up as a fog before the sun
That dampens and yet satisfies the heart of one.

How they torture, how they soothe the pulling strings,
Of a soul that plays sad music while it sings,
Where all the mingled love and hate like shadows past,
O'er the glaring sun today a shade doth cast.

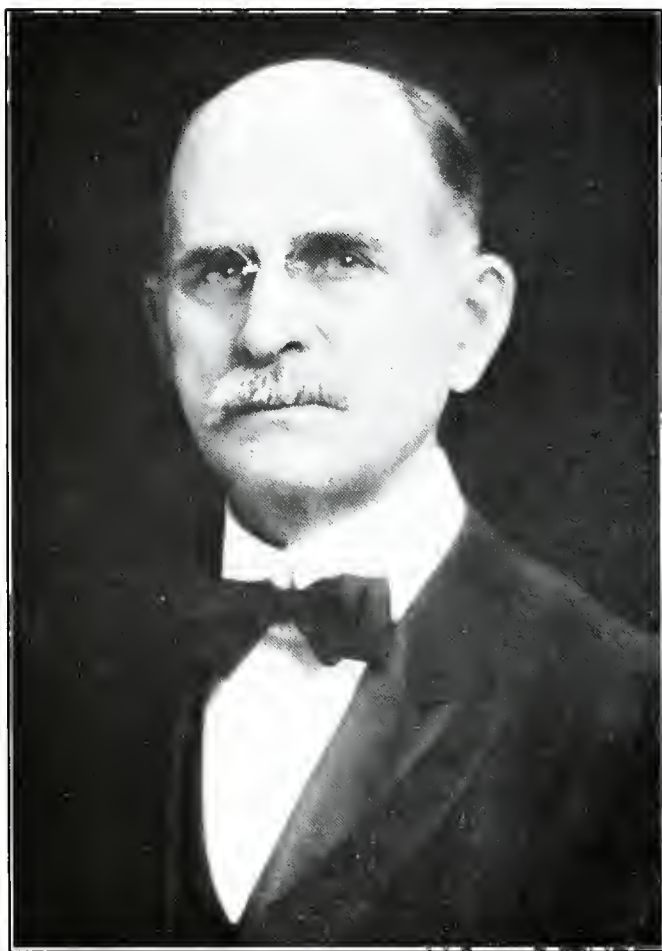
—Beulah Young.



Theological Department

The best theology is rather a divine life than a
divine knowledge.

—*Jeremy Taylor*



DR. NEWTON WRAY, B. D. D. D.,
Dean of Theology

Theological



IRA ROBERTS

MR. OSAKA



MRS. JONES

English Bible



LULA E. WHITE
MR. FREESMEYER

MR. BAILEY

MRS. JEFFERS
MR. FIDDLER



Great Preaching.

(Prof. Newton Wray)

We are accustomed to think that the great preachers lived in the past. And truly, "there were giants in those days." But we make a mistake, if we suppose there are no great preachers today. Here and there may be found men whose ministry illustrates in the highest degree the true function of preaching. Their preaching is REAL and therefore great. Their messages take hold of the very roots of being and feed the secret springs of thought and action. Their ministry, filled with consolation and hope, is one of deepest helpfulness.

I know of no one who better answers this description than the Reverend G. H. Morrison, Glasgow, Scotland, whose pulpit ministrations, in printed form, have made him known in other lands besides his own. A volume of his sermons with the title—"The Wind on the Heath: Sunday Evening Addresses from a Glasgow Pulpit," fell into my hands in the darkest hour of my life and was the very voice of God to my perplexed and burdened soul. In a way more wonderful than I can tell it strengthened my confidence in the goodness and power of God. Dr. Morrison comes to the varied scenes and experiences of life with a deep insight into human need and a wonderful message for every situation. His ministry glorifies the commonplace while it magnifies the Gospel of Christ. His method of handling a text is as unique as his vision of the truth is exceptional. Several volumes of his sermons have been published, bearing such titles as "The Wind on the Heath," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Afterglow of God," "The Return of the Angels," etc. A few extracts from the first mentioned volume will suggest how much is missed by those who have not known of this "nether spring."

In the sermon on "The Omniscience of Love," from the text—"For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things," it is shown that this passage has been generally misinterpreted—that, as commonly understood, the whole verse has to do with condemnation; that if we condemn ourselves, how far severer must be the scrutiny and condemnation of God. Whereas, "the unfaltering teaching of this letter is just that the omniscient God is LOVE, who knowing everything, will pardon everything in the infinite sacrifice of Christ." The following is one of the applications of this powerful sermon:

"Dim and shadowy and ill-defined anxieties are the worst of all



anxieties to bear * * * * In the light of day we see things as they are. We see things in their just proportions then. And perhaps the essential quality of courage is just to see things in their true proportions. But in the night time there are no proportions; everything is confused and undefined; we lie at the mercy of vague and spectral terrors. Sometimes that fear in the night regards our health; sometimes our future or our children. Sometimes it overwhelms us in the silence with an utter hopeless sense of our unworthiness. And it is in such seasons, when our heart condemns us, that from the verdict of our heart, we should appeal to Him who is greater than our heart and knoweth all things. It is the duty of every believer to abstain from judging in an hour of gloom. The verdict of a desponding hour is the most worthless verdict in the world. Only he who dwells within the light can see things as they are, and as they shall be, and He is greater than our heart and knoweth all things; knoweth all that tomorrow shall bring forth, knoweth all that we shall need tomorrow; knoweth our children and how we pray for them, and how they were baptized to Him in infancy. And He who is thus omniscient is Love, and willeth not that any man should perish. He is the Lord God merciful and gracious."

In the sermon on "The Renaissance of Wonder," Doctor Morrison refers to discoveries made lately in Egypt, among which are certain sayings attributed to Christ. "And one of the most beautiful of all of them is this, 'He that wonders shall reign and he that reigns shall rest.' Think of it. Inscribe it on your hearts. I feel quite certain it is a genuine logion. Who but Christ would have said in such an age, '**he that wonders shall reign and he that reigns shall rest?**' And even as I hear it, I hear another saying—not recovered from Egyptian refuse—'except ye become as little children, ye cannot see the Kingdom.' The Pharisee was far too proud to wonder; the little child is wondering all the time. For it the world is not full of laws and maxims; it is 'full of a lot of wonderful things,' as Stevenson puts it, and so when Christ dislodged the Pharisee, and placed in the center the disregarded child, he proclaimed to everybody with ears to hear, 'he that wonders shall reign and he that reigns shall rest.' 'Let others wrangle,' says St. Augustine—'let others wrangle, I shall wonder.' You can be a genuine Christian without wrangling, but you never can be a Christian without wondering; wondering at the lilies of the field, and at the lights and shadows of the summer evening, and at the heaven and hell in the heart of every prodigal, and at the love of God victorious on a cross."

In the sermon on "Forbidden Battlements" from the text—"Take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's," the sin and folly of



Judah, "staying herself upon securities that had no sanction in the will of heaven," are paralleled by the mistakes of Churches and individuals. A single extract will show the force of this message:

"When we think to prosper by organization instead of by the power of living faith; when the meeting for prayer is miserably empty and the entertainment is crowded to the door; when sacred concerts take the place of worship, when there is vulgar advertisement of flashy sermons, does not the cry go ringing through the Church, 'Take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's.' Take them away; they are mockery. They are no fortress for the bride of Christ. Take them away, and give us back again a Church whose battlement is faith in God; a Church whose prayer is uttered from the heart, whose music is the simple voice of praise, whose preaching to the souls of sinful men is the message of the Everlasting Gospel."

PLAIN FAITH TO LOVE AND LIFE

To love God above all things, above all persons, above myself; to strive ever to be cheerfully obedient and to be lovingly true to Him in word, in thought and in deed; to be true to my consecration; to glorify Him in all things and to worship Him in spirit and in truth.

To love my fellowmen as myself, ever striving to help make them happier and bring them closer to Him, who loves them all:

To be true to myself; to be ever joyful in the Lord and to be sweet with the Holy Ghost; to stand up for my Saviour and never to compromise with evil; to do my duty as He reveals it to me regardless of what I or others may think:

In other words, to lead a strong, noble and holy life not for my own sake only, but rather for the sake of my home, of my country, of humanity at large and, above all, for the sake of my Creator, my Redeemer, and my Comforter.





As Sorrowful, Yet Always Rejoicing.

11 Cor. 6:10.

When this vale of tears is rended
And I see Him face to face;
When the evening echoes falter
Through the stillness of His grace;
Oh the morning twilight bringing
The reward of Love Divine,
I shall bid goodbye to sorrow—
Joy be to this heart of mine.

When the clouds of disappointment
Hover o'er to hide my way;
Friends have vanished, loved ones left me
Foes beset me every day;
Grief has crowned my heart, but still
Others too, meet sorrows here.
Soon I'll see my own Redeemer;
'Twill repay my every tear.

Where is hope, the hope that saves me
When so sore the trials press?
Where is light, the light that leads me,
When there's darkness and distress?
Hark! a voice that calls me onward—
Onward to the goal for me.
'Tis a voice that sweetly whispers
"Ever I will be with thee."

Where is faith, the faith that keeps me
When those fears and doubts assail?
Where is love, the love that fills me,
Strengthens so I can prevail?
Love that sought me when a stranger,
Faith that saved me when in sin;
Love that sanctified me wholly,
Faith that made me pure and clean?

In the blood of my Redeemer,
In the arms of Love Divine;
In the bosom of my Father;
Worship at His holy shrine.
There I cease from care and sorrow,
There I find my rest secure;
There a life is born within me;
Holy life, so clean—so pure.

—Edmund Cortez.



NORMAL DEPARTMENT



Normal Department.

The school law of the State of Indiana divides teachers into four classes on the basis of experience and training. These classes are designated by the letters A, B, C, and D. The Normal Department of our school has been approved by the State Teachers' Training Board.

The requirements of a Class A certificate are a high school course or its equivalent and twelve weeks work in professional course for the training of teachers. In applying for a Class B certificate the requirements are the same as above with an additional twelve weeks course of training and one year of actual experience. It is the training required for these two certificates that our Normal Department offers.

Professional training in the art of teaching is not only a requirement of our state, but is a real need of the teacher. Joseph Payne has said, "We can have little hesitation in asserting that the pretensions to be able to teach without even knowing what real teaching means, without mastering its processes and methods as an art, without gaining some acquaintance with its doctrines as a science, without studying what has been said and done by the most eminent teachers, is an unwarranted pretension which is so near akin to empiricism and quackery that it is difficult to make the distinction."

Only a few years ago the education of children was considered but a matter of secondary importance. Then parents were satisfied with their childrens' schooling if it embraced no more than the three R's. However, the complexity of modern life is proving that a mastery of the three R's is insufficient and is demanding greater and more varied knowledge of young men and women who are entering the life of the world as individual units.

As one can imagine, the former attitude which men took toward education was not conducive to the production of real teachers. Arnold Bennett tells in startling language how the teaching force of England was filled in the last century. He says, "Orphans, widows, and spinsters, of a certain age suddenly thrown upon the world.—These were the women who naturally became teachers because they had to become something." This was the condition which existed in England; it was, and is to a great extent the condition in the United States today. Haven't many of us the idea that if one can't do anything else, they can teach?

However, we are at last waking up to the fact that to teach is to

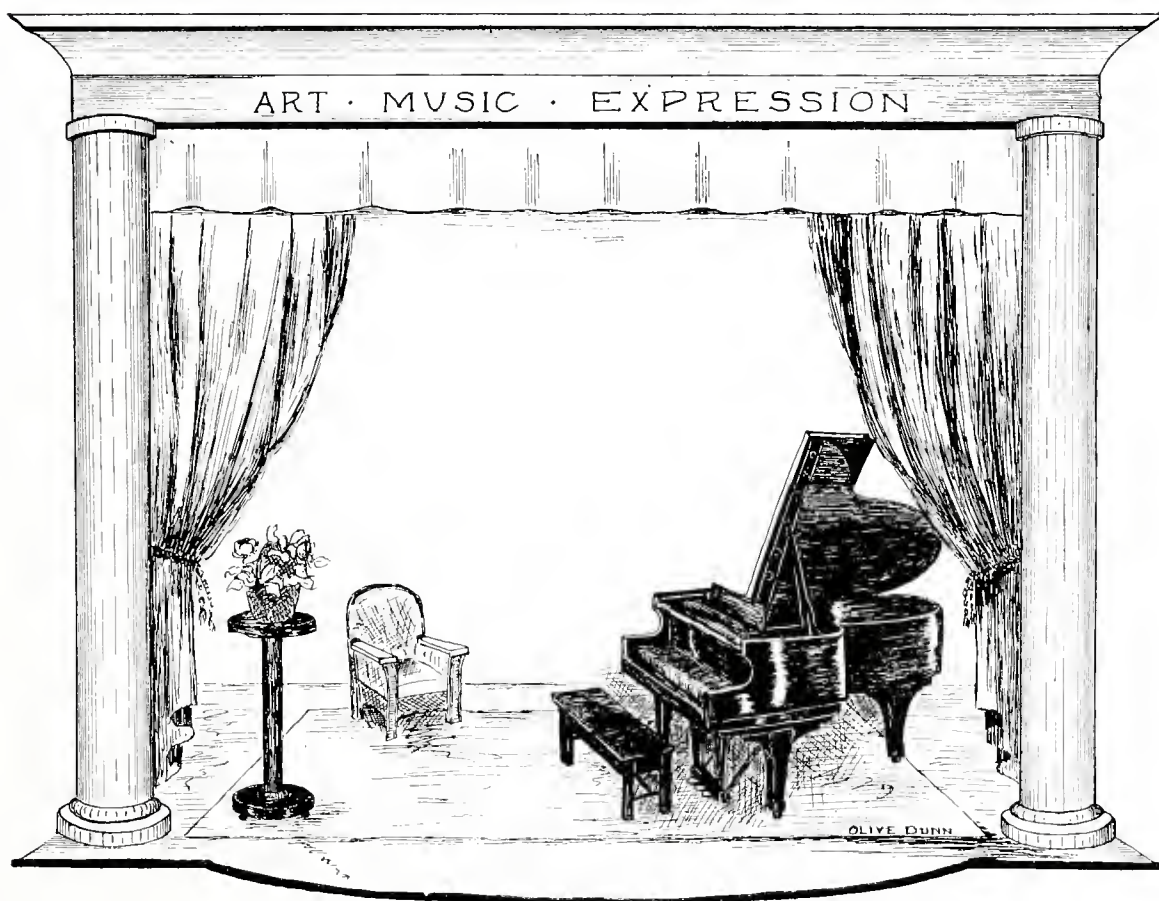


mold the future of the nation and the future of society. To teach we must not only know our subject, but know the thoughts and innermost life of our pupils and the proper way of presenting our subject to invaluable and plastic minds. It is this realization which gave rise to normal schools; it is this realization which is slowly but surely changing the position of the teacher from one which is low and meaningless to one which is exalted in the public mind.

Let those of us who intend to enter this great profession, in which Christ Himself labored, prepare ourselves to the utmost never losing sight of the fact that a school "is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity."

GEORGE FENSTERMACHER.







DR. A. VERNE WESTLAKE, Mus. M. Mus. D.,
Director of Music Department



FRANCES EKIS

Pittsburg, Pa.

T. U. A. '20; Philalethean; I. P. A.

"When she touches the keys exquisite sounds
do pour forth."

JANE CAMPBELL

Upland, Ind.

Redkey H. S.; Philo; Soangetaha.

"A quiet spirit with a steady purpose."

PAULINE TEED

Sayre, Pa.

S. H. S. '16; Thalonian; Soangetaha; Echo Staff.

"She has a way all her own."





MUSIC DEPARTMENT



Piano Department.

The Piano Department of Taylor University is one of the largest and most prominent departments of the school. It offers an unusual course of study, the requirements of which are not surpassed by even the largest music school of America. Scarcely could its ideals be maintained were it not for the directorship of so competent a musician as Dr. A. Verne Westlake. His artistic work has awakened new interest and has established new ideals among the students. Through his influence the department has achieved its present success and the most brilliant prospect for the future. Dr. Westlake has been privileged to study abroad with such eminent musicians as Theodore Leschetizky, Fraulein Prentner, Ferrata and Melville Lesniewski. After his return to America he established the Extended Conservatory of Pittsburg. Through this extensive system he had enrolled in his school over two thousand students.

Not only at Taylor and in its vicinity is he recognized at present, but the State of Indiana has not failed to recognize and acknowledge his real worth. He has been appointed Secretary of the Program Committee of the Indiana State Music Teachers' Association, and by all his hearers who can appreciate the depths of this universal language he is regarded as a musician of universal talent.

—Helen Hall.

HIS LOGIC

Senior to pretty girl—"How old are you Miss?"

Pretty girl—"Eighteen."

Senior, hesitating—"How old did you say?"

Pretty girl—"I told you two times 18."

Senior, to himself—"Twice 18 equals 36." Aloud to pretty girl:
"Sorry, Miss, but I must be going."



Bell Rock Church and Cemetery.

In November, 1658, the selection of Mistick Side, (now Malden) Massachusetts, contracted with the New England Puritan patriarch, Job Lane, as follows:

"The said Job Lane doth hereby covenant, promise, and agree to build, erect and finish up a good strong Artificial meeting House of Thirty-three foot Square, sixteen foot stud beetween joints, with dores, windows, pullpitt, seats and all things whatsoever in all respects belonging thereto as hereafter is expressed," etc. One provision was: "the bell to be fitted upp in all respects and Hanged therein fitt for use."

The "Territt" was not built for many years, so the bell hung in a frame on the rock, thus giving it its name, "Bell Rock." For the work the builder was to have 150 pounds in "corne, cord wood and provisions, sound and merchantable att price currant and fatt cattle."

A son of Job Lane was Major (afterwards Colonel) John Lane, the famous Indian fighter.

Job Lane's will was made in 1696 and left his wife, Annah, ten pounds annually and the use of the west end of his dwelling house.

In the old Bell Rock, or Mistick Side, parsonage was born Adoniram Judson, the first Burmese missionary—also the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A beautiful memorial to Malden's soldiers and sailors now stands on the old Bell Rock, not far from the business center of Malden.

Inscriptions in Bell Rock Cemetery

Inscriptions in Bell Rock Cemetery

Here lyes Buried ye Body
of Mr. Obadiah Jenkins
Who Departed this life
February the 4th, 1762
Aged 72 Years.
Here lyes ye Body of a tender
husband to me
I shall lament my lofs so long
as my life shall be.

Here Lyes ye Body
of Mrs. Lydia
Skinner Wife to
Mr. Thomas Skinner
Formally Wife to
Mr. Thomas Call
Who Decd. Decem
ye 17th 1723 Aged
about 87 Years

In Memory of
Mrs. Hannah Sprague
wife of
Mr. Phinehas Sprague
who died May 13th
1770
In the 44th year of her age
She was a beauty in her day
In virtue she excelled
There was no Parson that could
say
Deceit did in her dwell

Here Lyes ye Body
of Ralph
Shepherd Aged
90 Years
Died September ye 11th
1693



Inscriptions—Continued.

In Memory of Mrs. Martha Willis the Amiable Consort of Revd Eliakin Willis Who died 1796	(Triple Headstone) Beneath this stone lie the remains of Rev Eliakin Willis who died march 14th 1801 Aetat 87 and in the 49 year of his ministry	In Memory of Mrs. Lydia Willis the amiable consort of Revd Eliakin Willis Who died Janry 25 1767
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Memento Mori Fugit Hora
Here Lyes ye Body of
John Pratt Senr Aged
53 Years & 4 Mo Who
Ended This Life in A
Sudden Death June ye 3rd
1708
All You That Are Alive
Now Stand Upon Your Gard
Least Sudden Death Should
Come
And Find You Unprepared
When Death Doth Come
No Man Can It Revoke
Neither In Sicknes
Nor From Thunder Stroke

Here lyes Buried ye Body
of Mrs. Rebecca Emerson
the Consort of Edward
Emerson Esqr Who Decd
April 23rd 1752 Etatis 90
Prudent & Pious Meek & Kind
Virtue & Grace
Adorned her mind
This Stone may moulder into
Dust
But her Dear Name
Continue must

—Lulu Rosamond Walton.

SONNET

Ah what hast thou stored up within thy mind
With which this age to serve? What hidden gift
Within thee lies concealed from all mankind?
What talent by thy God bestowed, will lift
And bless thy fellowmen? What charge has He
Intrusted in thy hand? Just now thy gift
May dormant lies, unrecognized by thee.
Asleep, perchance, like bulbs that wait to lift
Above the earth their lily blossoms rare.
But spring will come; the flowers will hear her call
And blossom forth in brightest colors fair.
Wilt thou impatient be? Ah no, thy call
Just so will come. Then rise and answer, yes;
And all thy powers bring forth the world to bless.

—Inez Miles.



The Vocal Department.

The Vocal Department of Taylor is one of constant growth and development. The opportunity of study under our capable Professor of Voice, Mrs. Myrtle Stant, is indeed a very great inducement to enroll for this work.

Mrs. Stant has a magnificent dramatic soprano voice of great power and beauty, which also evinces careful training. She has studied with such distinguished teachers as Professor Granafal, of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, Professor Frances E. Woodward, of Spokane, Washington, formerly well known as a singer, teacher and director in Boston, Massachusetts, and with Signor Piccardo Lucchesi, of Los Angeles, California, formerly of the Conservatory of Bologna, Italy, and the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. While for four years a favored pupil of the last named teacher, Mrs. Stant did private teaching, directed a choir and appeared on many occasions in concerts and recitals.

The progress made by Mrs. Stant's pupils show that her teaching methods bring artistic results and that she understands the requirements necessary for the development of each individual voice.

—Pauline Teed.



ALDRED WIGG

Piano

LULU MAHOFFEY

Pipe Organ Teacher

HELEN HALL

Piano, Pipe Organ

ALYCE WESSLER

Vocal, Piano, Pipe Organ

FLORENCE SMITH

Vocal, Piano

ELIZABETH CHAIN,

Pipe Organ, Piano

MARIE SCHLAGENHAUF,

Vocal, Piano

MARIE FRITZ,

Piano, Pipe Organ

MRS. K. AYRES,

Vocal

Vocal

MRS. Wm. MOULTON,

MRS. E. N. GILBERTSON,

Vocal, Piano

RUTH PUGH,

Piano, Pipe Organ



Art.

True art, like heroic souls, lifts itself above its embodiment, and, rising into the world of the eternal and the infinite, unwraps itself of the vesture woven in the roaring loom of Time. It leaves behind all passion and desire, all enjoyment of sense and reposes supremely blest in that which, unchangeable, is yet never the same. It aims not merely at the beautiful, but seeks the true and the good, knowing that

“Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man.”

Without this union of virtue with beauty there can be no Christian art. All its purposes are holy. Its mission is not to multiply the pleasures of the fortunate, but to comfort the unhappy; to raise to heaven eyes weighed down by sorrow or blinded by the vulgar, garish world; to reveal to all who despair of this life the certain and immortal triumph of those who suffer in faith and hope and love.

—Bishop J. L. Spaulding.



The Expression Department.

"Every clod feels the stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grouping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

"The soul of music slumbers in its shell
'Till waked and kindled by the Master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard of before."

As all growth in nature is "from within outward," so man's fullest development springs from the seed of eternal truth implanted in his soul. From the beginning of time, man has sought adequate means to express the inward thoughts and emotions and kindled by this divine spark.

This he has been able to accomplish by means of three agencies which we call words, tones, and actions, these three being, respectively, the manifestations of thought, emotion, and spirit. Of these, action is probably the most fundamental since the spirit of the man underlies his emotion and thought. How often the outstretched hand, the flashing eye, or the trembling lip expresses far more than a volume of words can ever do!

However, none of the three languages of manifestations of inner consciousness can stand alone. Truthful expression requires a harmonious co-ordination of all. With a well trained spirit, mind and body, a man becomes master of himself and a fit leader of his fellows.

Under the earnest and enthusiastic direction of Professor Walton during this past year, the aim of the Department of Expression has been to fulfill the noblest ideal of art, to develop in our students those latent powers which, when unfolded, make of them men and women of commanding character and personality. The Christian ideals and attitude toward life have, at all times, been conscientiously upheld to the edification and inspiration of the students of the Department. Those who have studied under Professor Walton gratefully realize the enlarged vision, the fuller appreciation of human aspiration, and the tremendously augmented ability to communicate to others the vital and life-giving truths that today are so greatly demanded by a revolutionized world.



EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT



An Afternoon Call.

My pearl suede gloves, Marie, and my Tokio sunshade, and that little new hat of mine,—yes, the Milan toque. Oh, dear, that isn't my Tokio sunshade, Marie; that's my Pekin parasol. I know you haven't been with me long, Marie, but I will be so glad when you get my wardrobe learned. It's so trying to my poor nerves to have to keep thinking whether I am properly clothed or not. That's all, Marie.

Oh, dear! I suppose I must call on that stupid Mrs. Brown. I don't see why she ever called on me! I am sure I didn't act the least bit friendly toward her—but then, one must meet one's social obligations, and it would never do to slight the wife of the great Mr. Brown! He is such an adorable man—and to think of his being dragged down all of his life by such an incompetent wife. Well, I will go and call and not dread it any longer. It will be just my luck, too, to find her at home on this hot afternoon. Why can't we all be making calls at the same time? It's so much more convenient to just leave cards, and one can really accomplish so much in one afternoon, when most of the women are out.

Oh, it's so warm! I just know I can't make conversation for ten whole minutes, and Mrs. Brown never does have an intelligent thing to say. I don't see how anyone can be so stupid! But then, poor thing, I suppose she can't help it—we can't all be clever, and when one isn't naturally witty, it must be hard to appreciate really deep thinking. One could better endure Mrs. Brown, too, if she didn't look such a fright. That awful complexion; in spite of all her paint and powder, she looks positively a hundred years old! I'd simply die if I looked as old as she does.

Yes, Marie, of course I rang; the bell really couldn't ring itself, you know! I've been thinking so deeply that I didn't realize how late it was getting. Did you order the coupe? Waiting! Oh, Marie, how inconsiderate! You should say "ready," not "waiting." You know that I never kept anyone waiting.

The Roger Brown residence, James, and please try to drive very slowly. You usually go at such a break-neck speed that my nerves are just shattered.

Oh, my dear Mrs. Brown! It's such a relief to find you at home! I was so worried for fear you would be out that my poor nerves were almost upset. My chauffeur is such a careful driver! I thought he never would get me here. Yes, I will sit down just a minute, Mrs. Brown—I musn't take too much of your time. One who has to maintain such a social position as yours must find it impossible to give much time to callers, but if you only knew what a rare treat your friends find it to be allowed a



real old-fashioned chat with you occasionally! Oh, no, Mrs. Brown, that isn't flattery, not at all!

And you give Mr. Brown so much of your time, too! My dear, you've simply made that man! How he does adore you, and no wonder! Why, you are the envy of every woman in our set. I hope you won't think me too personal, Mrs. Brown, but I'd give worlds to know how you keep such a perfectly wonderful complexion—without even the tiniest bit of rouge or anything. You don't look a day over twenty-five. I wish—oh, Mrs. Brown, don't say that; you know I look years older than you—ha, ha! Oh, you're so clever. I was saying to myself just before I left home, what a witty conversationalist you are—so inspiring, don't you know?

My, doesn't the time just fly, when two really congenial people get together? But I must tear myself away. I owe so many calls. Duty, you know, Mrs. Brown—we must pay our social debts, even to those who are not our intimate friends.

Goodbye, dear Mrs. Brown! I do hope you will come to see me again soon—now don't stand on formality—just come in sometime for a whole afternoon. You don't know how dearly I'd love to have you. Goodbye—goodbye!

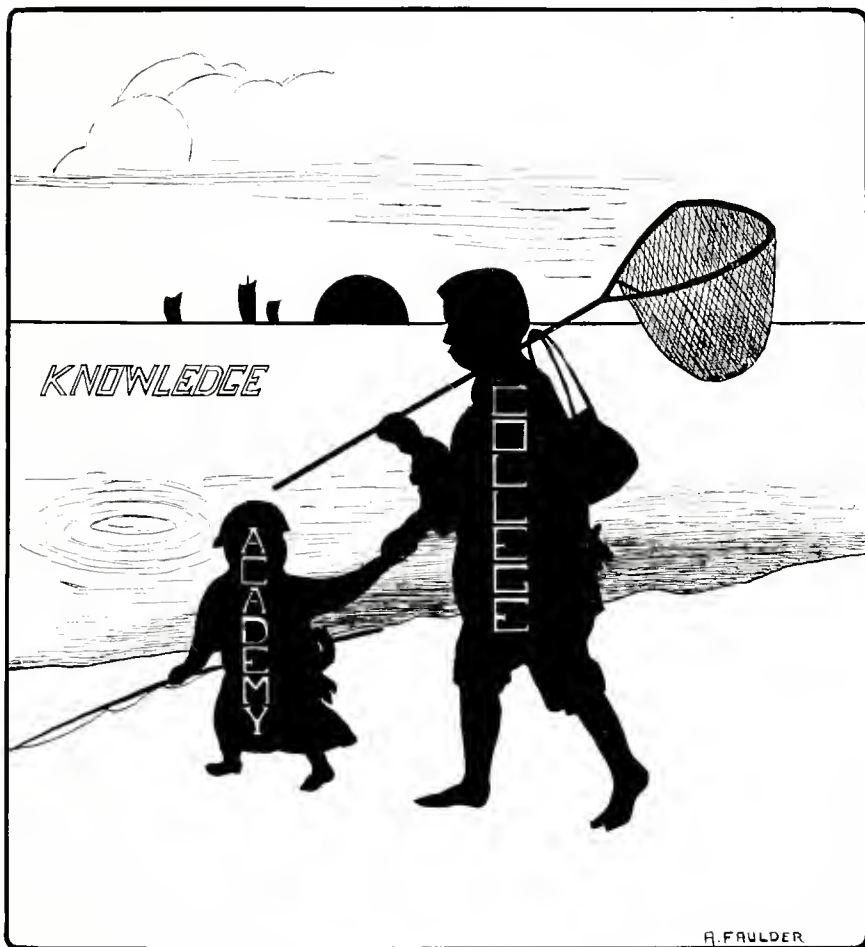
There, thank heaven that's over! I do hope she'll have sense enough not to call on me again. Oh, my poor nerves! I'm just worn out! It's so hard to have to say all the clever things oneself. I just can't make any more calls this afternoon.

Home, James!

LULU ROSAMOND WALTON.

Dean—You were out after ten last night.
Freshman—No, I was only out after one.

ACADEMY





I. B. PEAVY, M. Pd.
Biology and Education Principal of Academy



LEWIS DAUGHENBAUGH (DOCK)

Rockhill Furnace, Pa.

Class President; Prayer Band; Holiness League;
Philalethean; Baseball.

"It is not what I say but what I mean."

H. M. JENKINS (JINKS)

Washington, Pa.

Thalonian; Eurekan; Tennis.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

ETTA HALL (BETSY)

Blandenburg, Ohio.

Philalethean; Soangetaha; Basketball.

"With her, 'Life is real, life is earnest.'"

ESTER HEASLEY (POLLY)

Dorr, Michigan.

Thalonian; Soamgetaha; Basketball.

"Can one love twice?" She answered, "Yea,
even thrice."





LILLIAN HINDS (LILLY)

Cedar Grove, Indiana.

Philalethean; Soangetaha; Holiness League; Prayer Band.

"They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts."

HAROLD SLAGG (BEAR-CAT)

Washburn, North Dakota.

Thalonian; Eurekan; Basketball.

"If music is the food of love—play on."

GERALD ALEXANDER (ALEX)

Anderson, Indiana.

Thalonian; Eurekan; playing marbles.

"I want what I want when I want it."

NELLIE WALMIRE (NELLIE)

Fowler, Indiana.

Soangetaha; Prayer Band; Holiness League.

"Plodding, ever plodding, onward and upward."



FRANCIS FLETCHER

Sellersville, Pa.

Thalonian; Eulogonian.

"Slow but sure."

FLOY STRUBLE (LUCY)

Shepherd, Mich.

Philalethean; Soangetaha; Prayer Band; Holiness League; Violinist.

"Charm strikes the right but merit wins the soul."

SETH B. LOOK

Columbia Falls, Maine.

"A contented mind is a continual feast."

EARL HANN (EARL)

Atlantic City, N. J.

Prayer Band; Holiness League; Thalonian; Eurekan; Basketball.

"He is destined to be great."





EDWARD HULTZ

Upland, Indiana.

Thalonian; Basketball.

"Still water runs deep."

TIRZAH MOSS

Anderson, Indiana.

Prayer Band; Philalethean; Soangetaha; Expression Club, Tennis.

"Modesty and quietness itself."

OTTO MICHEL (OTTO)

Upland, Indiana.

Philalethean; Eulogonian.

"Blessed with plain reason and sober sense."

VICTOR HUNERYAGER (HONEY)

Goshen, Indiana.

Thalonian; Eurekan.

"O Mischief thou art swift to enter my thoughts."



SEUSFELDER VALLEJO (JOE)

Callas, Peru, S. America.

Philalethean; Eurekan.

"And what he nobly thought he nobly did."

ROSE STOUFFER (PEGGY)

Alliance, Ohio.

Philalethean; Scangetaha; Gardner—ing.

"All she does with her might."

BEVERLY WHYBREW

Lupton, Mich.

"'The wee one.' A midget in size but not in sense."

ROY SCHWARTZ (ROY)

Shelbyville, Ill.

Philalethean; Eulogonian.

"A man of worth and of sterling integrity."





Senior Academy.

The bay is crossed; now the ocean.

The mighty stream has its beginning in the small rivulet that arises from an unknown or unheard of source, but the rivulet is soon joined by another and they in turn by others as they rush on toward the ocean. Each rivulet has its part in the mighty stream which gives so much to mankind before it reaches the ocean. Here it spreads out over a great expanse, touching and giving forth its blessings to multitudes. It is not confined to any narrow limits now, it is a part of the world.

Therefore with your consent I will introduce to you the Senior Academy Class of 1920. We are a small rivulet which has joined the main stream and are on our way toward the ocean to become a part of the world. Some of us have been on our way a long time, for we have had to make long and tedious detours around mountains, over hills, and through deep valleys. But at last we find ourselves bound together under the shadow of T. U. halls in a congenial, and sympathetic, goodly group of young men and women from the North, the South, the East, the West, and even from our sister republic, South America. And as we came from the various directions so are we preparing ourselves for the world-wide tasks and positions of life.

Lewis Daughenbaugh, of Pennsylvania, our class president, joined us last fall after spending a year in the A. E. F. He is preparing for Christian work. H. Monroe Jenkins, another Keystoner, our vice-president, came back to us after serving two years with Uncle Sam's airmen. He is going to enter the ministry. Miss Etta Hall from Ohio, our esteemed secretary, is preparing for some form of Christian work. Beverly S. Whybrew, our small one from Michigan, also our class treasurer, is going to follow in the footsteps of his father and preach the Gospel. It would not do for us to leave out our social secretary, Miss Ester Heasley, of Michigan, because her frown of displeasure is as severe as her smile of approval is delightful—you see she has these qualities of the teacher. Now we have just lots of interesting folks, but space will not permit us to introduce each tributary of this stream. We have those who are going out as teachers, preachers, and doctors to the mission field; preachers and Christian workers in the home-land; business folk, such as our Alexander, the mining engineer; our Frances, the musician, and our Peggy, the stenographer. Yes, you see we have been joined here and there along the way by these various tributaries and have spent a good year together; now we are about to move out into broader fields of labor, and to supply the food and drink of knowledge to thirsty mankind.

We have entered the bay and now we behold the ocean outspread in all its unbounded expanse and possibilities.

H. M. JENKINS.



Farewell.

From my study my mind often wanders,
On the future my soul often ponders,
A mystery, are the deeds it holds in store;
So my thoughts, groping forward to grasp it,
And my hand ever outstretched to clasp it,
Shall they shrink from it? No! Nevermore.

Many years have we spent in preparing,
And gone onward till now, n'er despairing;
A hope that has not urged us on in vain;
Now the ship for our lives is completed,
Shall the purpose it serves be defeated?
No! 'twill sail on and sail on, amain.

Now the harbor is crossed, but the ocean,
What a vast stretch of constant devotion,
Our ship of knowledge braves the stormy sea;
But 'tis sweet, that an eye watches o'er us
And will brighten the pathway before us
And will lead us through eternity.

—Gerald W. Alexander.

“So your name is Rastus Jackson and your mother’s name is Jones?”
“Yes, sah; you see she married again, and I didn’t.”



JUNIOR ACADEMY.



SOPHOMORE ACADEMY.



FRESHMEN ACADEMY.





COMMERCIAL GROUP.



Domestic Science Department.

It is the duty of every wife and mother, and it should be her joy and pleasure, to nurse, clothe and feed her family. But alas, how many mothers feel that these duties are a burden, that they are tiresome tasks which are never done. It is usually not the tasks themselves, but the way in which they are done that makes drudgery. It is the wasted time and the unsystematic method that tires one. It is the unattractive clothes, the poorly prepared food, the disorderly room, and the unhappy family that discourage the mother.

It is the opportunity of every girl as she goes out into the world to show that these duties may be a pleasure, that they can be done easily and economically. It is her privilege to prove that home can be a foretaste of heaven, a place where discord and strife, anxiety and dissatisfaction, cannot enter; a place where joy and peace abide and where love reigns supreme.

It is to prepare our girls to accomplish this great work that our Domestic Science Department exists. This department, which was established two years ago, has steadily grown in size and efficiency. During the past year several marked improvements have been made. New dishes and silverware for table use have been purchased, electric grills and an electric range have been installed, besides a number of smaller improvements which have been added.

The head of the department, Mrs. Jean Fortenbacher, is a graduate of the Thomas Normal Training School of Detroit, Michigan. She also spent two years in Western College of Oxford, Ohio, and one summer in the University of Chicago. She has had several years of successful experience as a teacher. She is deeply interested in her work, but is never too busy to think of others. Her students find in her not only a competent instructor and a patient guide, but also a cheerful companion and a sympathetic friend.

—INES MILES.



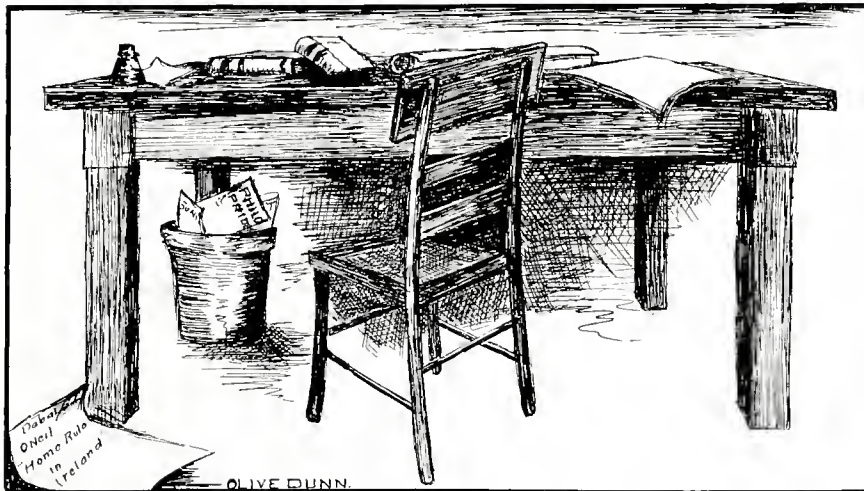
Cooking, Sewing, Nursing Classes.



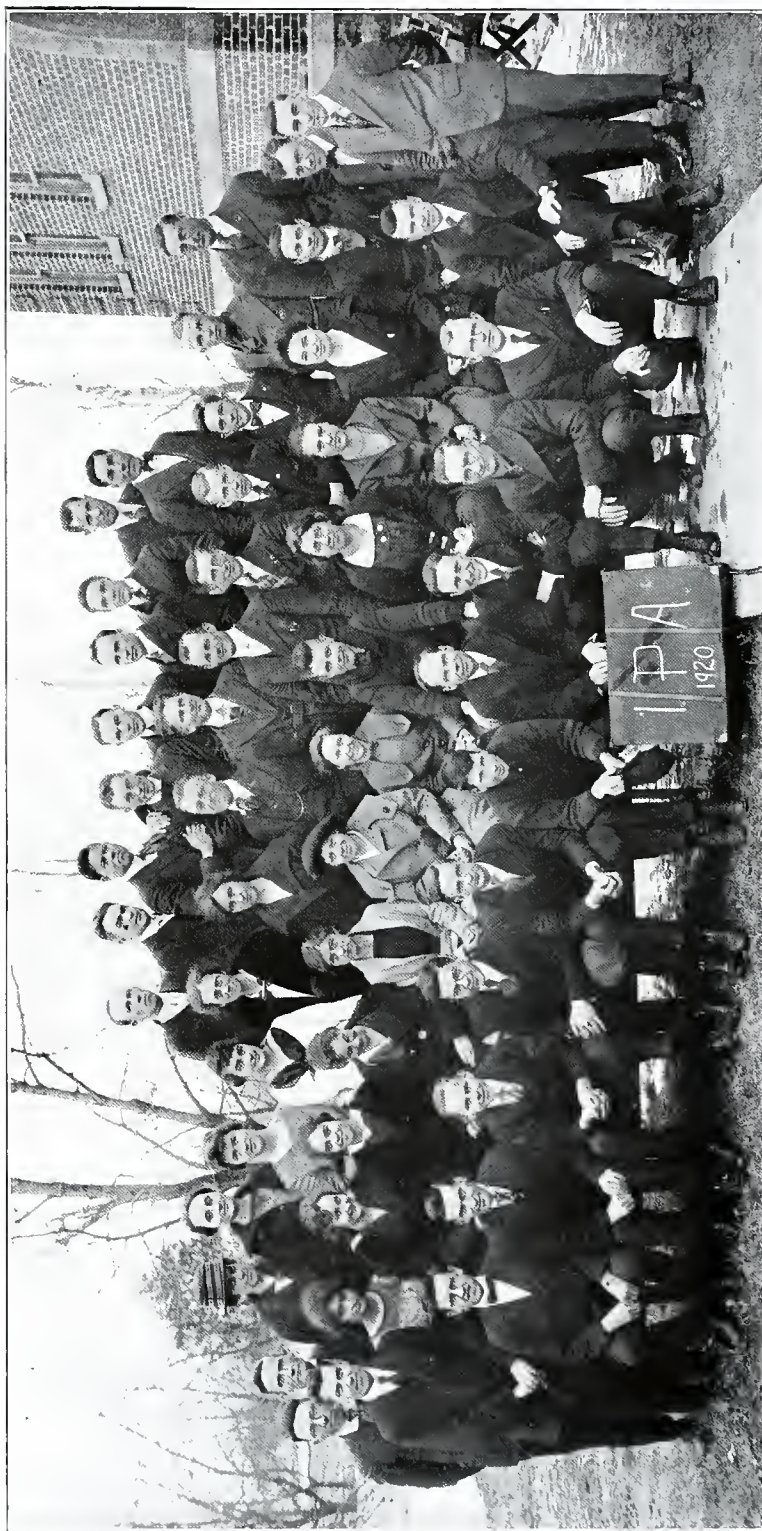
Domestic Science Laboratory.

ORGANIZATIONS

" BULLETIN "	
10:AM	{ Class meeting, I.P.A. Student Volunteers
12PM	Prayer Service
1:45PM	{ Expression Club. Echo & Gem Staff.
4:30 "	S.P. Meeting
6:00 "	All girls in home room
6:30 "	Debating Club
7:30 "	Literary Society
8:30	Basket Ball
Classes & Study rest of time.	



INTERCOLLEGIATE PROHIBITION ASSOCIATION

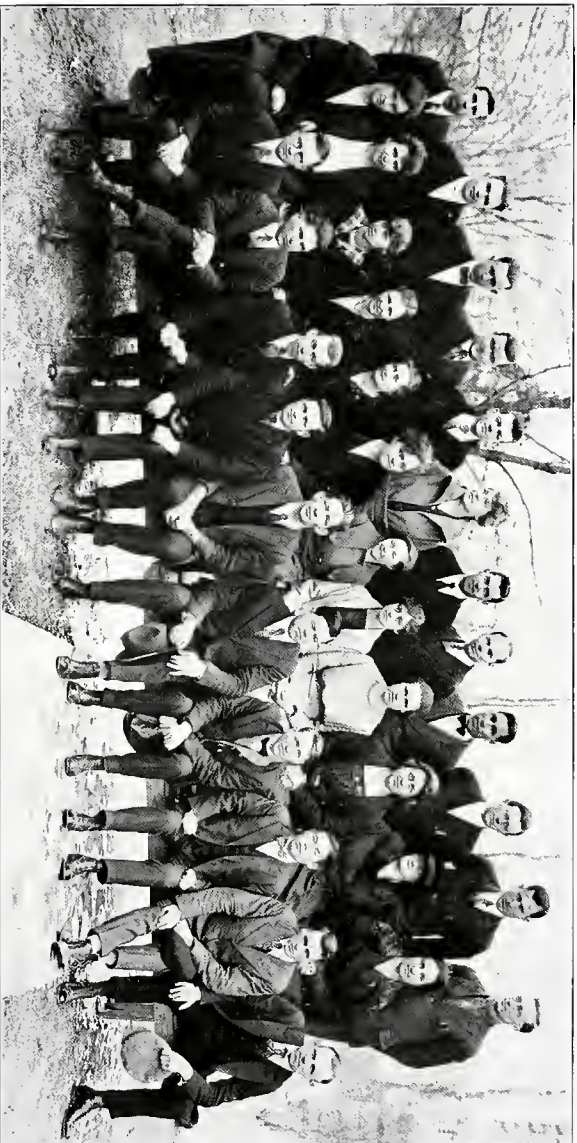


President, Floyd Seelig

Secretary, May Rector

Treasurer, Harold Slagg

Student Volunteer Band



President, Alice Eskes; Secretary, Emma Tresler.



The Student Volunteer Band.

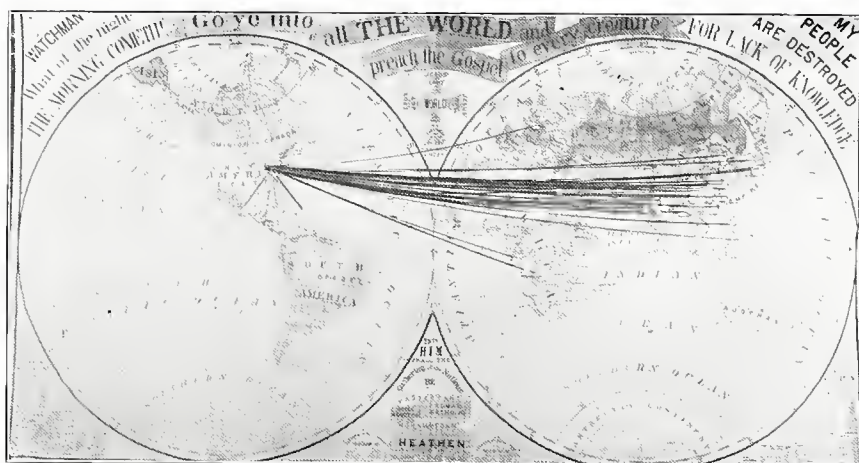
Many people think of Taylor University as a school for ministers only. The perusal of this annual will show that while this is a good place for the minister to receive his education, Taylor welcomes people from all avenues of life. Our school offers standard college and preparatory courses, besides having many departments for specialized study.

However, we desire to call particular attention to the fact that Taylor solicits young people whose lives are to be devoted to the mission field. Our Student Volunteer Band is affiliated with the National Student Volunteer Movement. The object of the organization is to present to young people the challenge of the world's need of Jesus and His salvation, and to foster missionary devotion. The Volunteer Band itself does not send out missionaries. Its purpose is to get into touch with possible candidates and to encourage them to prepare for and reach the fields under their respective denominational boards.

The present Taylor Volunteer Band is the largest and best-attended we have had for years. There is good interest shown in the Monday evening meetings; prayer is offered each day at the hour of noon; and once each month the Band is responsible for the Sunday afternoon chapel hour.

Last summer three missionaries, the Misses Sarah M. Cox, Cora Leona Rahe and Martha McCutchen, sailed from among our number, besides several others who have been with us in former years. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Taylor University has sent to the field fifty-seven missionaries in twenty years, thirty-six of them in the last ten years. "Impression must precede and determine expression." The radiating ribbons of purple and gold on our map show that as truly as Taylor is cosmopolitan in drawing students from nearly all parts of the world, so surely have our Volunteers gone into every continent carrying the Gospel of Light in Christ Jesus.

—ROSS HUTSINPILLER.



The Widening Sovereignty of Christ.

"Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His Kingdom spread from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

The disciple of Christ is today seeing the truth of this stanza verified. The five hundred millions of China, the millions of India, the vast ignorant population of Africa, the alert Japanese, the patient Korean, the enslaved people of South America, and the Islands of the Sea are now hearing and accepting the Gospel of the Son of God.

The recent war has melted hearts, broadened sympathies, fused ideas, and brought the peoples of the earth into closer touch and placed before them a common goal—that of relieving the distress of the world. Not only physical distress, but the great soul distress and thirst for the true Christ. From every mission field comes the cry, "We want to know Jesus." It is not a surface cry but a cry from the deep spiritual longing of a sincere heart as is evidenced by the Chinese man. When the crops of the natives in Burma were destroyed, one of them brought the missionaries five dollars, saved by a small congregation, for spreading the Gospel among the heathen brethren in the North. When the missionary remonstrated, the native said: "We can eat rats, but they cannot do without the Gospel."

The harvest comes at the opportune moment, though to us who measure time by



days and years it may seem to linger. Today China is reaping the fruit from the sacrifice of the two hundred fifty-eight missionaries and the thirty thousand native Christians who gave their lives during the Boxer Rebellion. The reaping must not stop until every soul of China has had the opportunity to accept the Christ for whom they cry.

India, beautiful, caste bound! India representing one-fifth of the inhabited world, but crowded into one-thirtieth of its area, is moving as a mass toward the Light. But Wait! Will she be guided aright in the forward step? Are there enough of His disciples, either foreign or native, to teach the masses the way? There are more Christian workers in New York City alone than missionaries in all India. Are the laborers sufficient? There are now more than one hundred million unevangelized beyond the reach of the present force of workers. Of the one hundred and fifty million women of India, less than a million can read and write; forty million are life-long prisoners in Zenana homes. The widows of India alone number twenty-five million, one hundred thousand of them under ten, and twenty thousand under five years of age. Then, too, what about the fifty million untouchables of India? Did not Christ die for them as well as for you and me? India today is the greatest religious arena of the world. Who will enter this arena in the conflict against the powers of darkness to lift and lead these people to Light?

An African woman cried: "Tell me where I'll find Him, we're tired of darkness, we want light." She is only one of the millions of this Dark continent calling for help. There are fifty million souls in the jungles of Africa unsought by a single missionary. Sherwood Eddy describes Africa as the continent "Fettered in soul, manacled in mind, enslaved in body, and that has lain prostrate before the rapine and avarice of the world. Dragged captive by the Mohammedan; crazed by the intoxicants of Christian nations, made murderous by their fire-arms, Africa is bleeding out her life-blood at every pore." What a benighted race! Shall we by our neglect delay them the Lamp of Life?

From Mexico comes the cry; armed men are not needed here but the Gospel of the Son of the living God. This alone will settle the problem of Mexico, said _____, the representative from Mexico to the Des Moines convention.

Then as to South America; what other nation than ours can better throw the rays of light across this continent where Catholicism has lost its hold and today they are practically without a religion. The word "neglect" in itself expresses the condition of South America. The seventy thousand students of South America and the peons held by slavery because of debt to the land owners is the pressing problem of that land.

Mr. Mott, after his return from South America, said: "A final impression which has been borne in upon me with overwhelming force is that a special burden of responsibility rests upon the Christians of the United States for the extension of Christ's Kingdom among the peoples of Latin America."

We repeat the statement that from every nation comes the cry: "We want to know the Christ!" This cry from the countries of Europe has a strange pathos in it.

Sacrifice is the fundamental principle of Christianity and who can tell but that out of the tremendous slaughter of the Armenians, Syrians and Greeks will come the salvation of the people of Turkey, Arabia and Persia.

We have entered a new realism on thinking of missions. We no longer need to



think of the nations as passive and indifferent to the Gospel for they are calling for Light. Tyler Bennett expresses it thus: "What mankind is really demanding of the Church of Christ today is action—moral action, spiritualized by the idealism of Jesus." This demand must be met by the Christian student of today. The fields are "now" calling for ten thousand workers. Surely if God has fields of harvest, He will secure reapers to take care of the harvest. Will we be among those privileged to help Him in this gathering of souls?

Look again at the map at the head of this article and see that missionaries from Taylor have already gone to darkened Africa, to sunny India, to awakening China, to beautiful Japan, to the Philippines, to war-stricken France, to neglected South America, and to other countries of the world. We believe that if we were to ask each one personally if he felt that he had wasted his life in this work of the Master, a unanimous reply would be, as was the reply of the Cambridge Band of Inland China: "Not one of us regret having come out here. Not one of us would retrace a step to-day. If we had a dozen lives, we should wish that they might be so invested."

But the Cambridge Band, nor the former students of Taylor University, not even the number from all the churches and denominations are sufficient. We students of today have the opportunity to be among the two thousand now needed to lead the seeking to the Light so that

"Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun
Does his successive journeys run."

—ALICE E. ESKES.

The Upper Room.

The hours I spend with Thee, dear Lord,
Are precious hours, indeed, to me;
Here in the Upper Room at eve,
They soon will be but memory.

As days pass by me, one by one,
These golden days of prayer and praise,
I wonder if in Heaven above,
I soon shall see Thy blessed face.

Oh Upper Room, Oh blest retreat,
Secure from all of sin and strife,
May long your beacon light shine out,
To guide souls on to Perfect Life.

—J. Edna Edwards.

THALONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



FALL TERM
 President, L. R. Norvelle
 Secretary, A. E. Eskes

WINTER TERM
 Jack Rose
 Olive Dunn

SPRING TERM
 Frank Lee
 Audrey Faulder



Thalonian Literary Society

Motto:—"Know Thyself"

To the Thalonian Literary Society belongs the honor of being the pioneer literary society of Taylor University. Organized in the year 1850, it has for nearly seventy years maintained a commanding position in the life of the University. Sometimes in the various inter-society contests with her sister society, the Philalethean, she has gone down in defeat, but as often she has come out victorious. Each society has found in the other an opponent worthy of its very best and the strength of both is attested by the fact that after more than fifty years of stubbornly contesting the disputed supremacy each year finds them both ready to take up the gauntlet and uphold the splendid traditions of the past.

But the friendly competition between the societies is only incidental to the main objective, the objective which is the end of all education, viz: not only to acquaint the student with the best that the world has thought, said and done, but to develop in him the ability to assimilate the best of the world's thought and experience in order that he may give it back enriched and stamped with the seal of his own individuality.

From the beginning the Thalonian Society has sought to encourage and develop in its members the possibilities of their individual personalities. It would command its members, as did the Greek philosopher Socrates his followers, "Know thyself." No worth while achievement is possible for a man until he knows himself; in relation to his own ability, to his limitations and to the world about him. Without this knowledge there can be no worthy aim in life, no grasp of the means for its realization.

The history of the society for the year 1919-1920 has been one of progress. We have found in our new members valuable material which in the coming years will enable the society to continue to stand out as an organization of the University worthy of the consideration of every student. The faithfulness and loyalty of its members has made the society a prominent element in the life of the school this year. The orange and black stands for a clear record, an inspiration to the timid, an opportunity for the untested and an honor to every Thalonian.

PHILALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



FALL TERM
Francis Brown
Lula Whitaker

WINTER TERM
Burke White
May Rector

SPRING TERM
"Bill" O'Neil
Elizabeth Chain



The Philaethean Literary Society.

Motto: "Lovers of Truth."

Colors: Blue and White.

The literary societies have, for many years, been a great factor in the student life at Taylor. Their activities have benefited the University and student body in at least three ways. They have brought to the student body, through their public programs, the best in literature and music; they have been the means of fostering a spirit of enthusiasm, loyalty, and friendly competition, otherwise known as "school spirit," which is as necessary to a college as morale to an army; they have been the means of uncovering hidden talents in many of their members and of developing known capacities in others.

While all these ends are important, the Philaethean Literary Society has had for its prime motive the last—the individual development of each of its members. While the public progress of the society have been entertaining and instructive and a source of just pride to the members, yet the purpose of these programs has not been entertainment, but practical help and experience for those participating.

It is with a sense of deep satisfaction that all Philos look upon the record of their society, for by it is disclosed the fact that not only has its objective been realized in the discovery of the talents of its members, but it has also increased that talent and developed it to such a degree of excellence that the word "Philo" is synonymous with "champion" in practically every line of competition with our sister society. For the Philaetheans were winners in all but one of the contests which were held during last commencement season.

But past records can help us only as they serve to inspire us to greater things in the future. Therefore, the Philaetheans, with the loyalty and purity of purpose symbolized by the blue and white, will, by renewed energy and devotion, carry out the work and maintain the traditions which are their heritage as "Lovers of Truth."

A. WESLEY PUGH.

PRAYER BAND



FALL TERM
Pres., Emma Tresler
Sec., Lula White

WINTER TERM
Harold Kenrick
Ethel Morton

SPRING TERM
H. J. Marquis
Harold Kenrick



The Prayer Band.

One way of inspiring man to higher attainments, whether in business, education, or religion, is by holding before him examples of men who stand out prominently as having extraordinary success in their calling.

Paul said to Timothy, "Be thou an example of the believers." And just as truly as Timothy was an example to the early church, so have the holy men of God down through the centuries been glowing examples of human attainment in divine things. Expressly is this true in the labor of prayer.

Let us note that the leading example is our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. The Gospels give us occasional and scanty glimpses into his prayer life, but if the intimate disciples, and the Palestine mountains and gardens could tell all they know about this phase of His life, the New Testament itself would not hold the revealed knowledge.

Mr. Wesley spent two hours daily in prayer. He began at four in the morning. One who knew him wrote: "He thought prayer to be his business more than anything else."

John Fletcher stained the walls of his room with the breath of his prayers. Sometimes he would pray all night. "I would not rise from my seat," he said, "without lifting my heart to God." His greeting on meeting a friend was always, "Do I meet you praying?"

Luther said: "If I fail to spend two hours in prayer each morning the devil gets the victory through the day. I have so much business I cannot get on without spending three hours daily in prayer." His motto in which he engaged was: "He who has prayed well has studied well."

Payson wore the hard-wood boards into grooves where his knees pressed so often and so long.

John Welch thought the day ill-spent if he did not use eight or ten hours praying. He kept a plaid in which he might wrap himself when he arose in the night to pray. His wife would complain when she found him thus, lying on the ground and weeping. He would reply: "O woman, I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, and I do not know how it is with many of them."

Taylor aspires to the old type of saint-hood. As a Prayer Band we are seeking a place in the ranks of those who have been invincible through prayer, who have lived in unbroken communion with their Savior, and who have torn down Satan's kingdom, and have built up the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Lord, teach us to PRAY."

HAROLD KENRICK.

HOLINESS LEAGUE



President, E. A. Cortez; Secretary, Lula White.



HOLINESS LEAGUE

"Holiness Unto the Lord"

"God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." Among the many organizations of Taylor University, the Holiness League holds a most vital position. It represents the ideals for which Taylor is peculiarly known far and near drawing earnest young people from all quarters of the globe, who seek an environment that will mould their characters and best fit them for the "ministry of reconciliation." We'll may Taylor be proud of the truth loving members of this League who come together to worship the Lord "in the beauty of holiness" and for those of its number who are privileged to preach the Gospel "with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven."

The Young Men's Holiness League, a national, interdenominational movement, was founded at Camp Sychar, Ohio, in 1902. It is constituted of auxiliaries, or local Leagues. The one formed at Taylor University has gradually gained in strength and influence. Its purpose, as set forth in the constitution, is to secure the conversion and entire sanctification of the young people of our land and the enrollment of those who are in the experience of full salvation, for aggressive work. In 1914, the League was thrown open to the admission of young women, as honorary members.

During this year we have been favored with excellent leadership and great freedom and charity have been manifested in our services which are held each Friday evening. There has been a manifest spiritual deepening and strengthening of the bonds of love and fellowship. Several new students coming into our midst have seen their blessed inheritance to the "life more abundant" and have gloriously realized it. To some has been revealed the simplicity of the Gospel and the apostolic faith and love, which has led them to break with the mechanical and dogmatic beliefs, terms and shiboleths, and infidelity of many so-called evangelical and holiness organizations of the day. God has indeed seen fit to reveal His blessed face to His children who love "mercy and truth." Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen.

GEORGE WOHLSCHLEGEL.

Soangetaha Debating Club



FALL TERM
Pres.—Alice Eskes
Sec.—Lana Michel

WINTER TERM
Olive Dunn
Alice Smith

SPRING TERM
Ines Miles
Beatrice Sprague



The Soangetaha Debating Club

The squaws of Taylor University had through many changing seasons listened quietly to the wisdom and teaching of the wise braves. But in the year 1914 they were suddenly aroused to activity. They heard the braves say, "softly smiling":

"They are but feeble women
And they cannot understand us.
They have minds like silly children
And our logic is beyond them."

Accordingly the squaws rose up to prove to these gallant braves that they were not puny, helpless, feeble maidens. They formed a debating club of their own, the Soangetaha, and now for many moons they, true to their name, which means "strong-hearted," have been advancing through the storms of spring and the snows of winter. No adversity can stop them, no obstacle can turn them from their path, their march is ever onward.

Week after week the loyal squaws have met to debate important and inspiring subjects. They have debated with so much wisdom that the braves have come to listen. And not only have they listened, but they have even expressed a desire to debate with these wise and learned squaws. The squaws have humbly consented, and soon the braves will have to say "softly smiling,"

"They are wise and learned squaws
And we cannot understand them.
They have minds like mighty sages
And their logic is beyond us."

Then the squaws, having proven themselves to have sound logical minds, will go forth singing louder than ever before:

"Ta, ha, Soangetaha 'neath our colors gold and blue,
Ta, ha, Soangetaha to our club we're true."

INES MILES.

Eureka Debating Club



FALL TERM
H. M. Jenkins
P. H. Boat

WINTER TERM
"Bill" O'Neil
Harold Slagg

SPRING TERM
Ira Roberts
E. T. Haun



Eureka Debating Club

In the spring of 1903 a few earnest young men who were seeking to learn the art of public speaking, develop powers of logical reasoning, obtain a knowledge of parliamentary law, and in every possible way better fit themselves to fight life's battles, banded themselves together and formed the organization known as the Eureka Debating Club of Taylor University. In this initial meeting the club chose as their motto, "The Mind the Measure of Man."

The name of the club carries with it great significance. Eureka is the perfect tense of a Greek word which means to find. The purpose of the organization is to help individuals to find themselves. Every scholar has discovered that it is utterly impossible for him to develop and realize his ability without first finding himself. It is our individuality which in the world of experience invests all other things with value. By taking an active part in a debating club one has an unexcelled opportunity to detect certain possibilities within himself that he would in no other way discern.

In short it is the purpose of the club to develop full orb'd characters that shall be able to lift humanity to a higher plane.

Is the club accomplishing the work for which it was founded? Surely when we look at the members who have gone forth into active fields of labor we can not help but answer in the affirmative. We want to remind you, fellow Eurekaans, who are out in the fields of service today that the club is still carrying on the great work which you started. We point with honest pride to the championship banner which has been in our possession for the past six years with the exception of the fall term of '16.

Present Eurekaans and those who are to follow us, let us lift high our banner of Maroon and White and may it ever be found floating in the van of conflict. Let us ever uphold those high ideals and standards for which the Eureka Debating Club always stood.

IRA J. ROBERTS.

Eulogonian Debating Club



FALL TERM
A. W. Pugh
Paul Bilheimer

WINTER TERM
Wallace Teed
Harold Slagg

SPRING TERM
E. N. Gilbertshon
Eugene Pilgrim



The Eulogonian Debating Club

The value of a college education lies in the fact that it gives the college trained man a thorough preparation for complete and successful living. It is in view of this fact that the debating club becomes an invaluable factor of college life for the man who wishes to get the most thorough development from his college course. The successful man in any walk of life, is the man who can express what he knows in a concise, effective way. Whether one be a minister, a lawyer, a doctor, or a private citizen he must, if he wishes to count full value in the life of his community and with his fellowmen, be able to think rapidly while standing on his feet and then be so the master of his mother tongue that he can give forth these thoughts in a way that will grip and convince his hearers.

The Eulogonian Debating Club offers, in a most successful way, such a preparation to its members. The weekly debates are upon live subjects and stimulate research on the topics of the day. Every member has been on a debate one or more times and has thus received very valuable training. The interest of the club has grown steadily since the first of the year and progress has been constant. Inter-club debaters were elected for both the fall and winter terms but due to external interruptions, which were beyond the control of either club, it was impossible to hold the inter-club debates. If this disappointment had not occurred, we feel that our elected teams in either case would have been capable of carrying off the championship pennant. These debates represent the climax of the term's work in a single effort and show at once both the progress of the debaters and the standing of the club.

But our club has not limited itself to the development of only the intellectual side of its members. It aims to develop the whole man. Of our gymnastic and athletic activities, the basketball games stand out most prominently. In the series of games with our rival club, which were conducted in a splendid spirit of wholesome sportsmanship, the Eulogonians easily championed by winning decisively two out of the three games of the series. The effective man must have a sound body as well as a sound mind.

The progress of the year has been marked. The beginning of school saw our club in a state of disorganization due to disbandment during the war time. From this ruin, the "faithful few" have rebuilt the club, added to its membership, and rekindled the flames of enthusiasm and achievement. As a result, it will go forth into the succeeding years to add new luster to the name EULOGONIAN!

FRANCIS W. BROWN.



The Taylor University Echo 1919-20

The years of '17-'18 and '18-'19 were years of trial for the editorial staffs of college publications. Enrollments were small and in consequence, material for publication was scarce and subscription lists were correspondingly decreased. Great credit belongs to those who labored so faithfully to maintain the high standard of the Taylor University Echo during those trying years.

But this year, with the stress of war practically gone, and with an increased enrollment, the new Echo staff felt that the time had arrived when numerous improvements should be undertaken in every department of our school-paper. Under the direction of a capable editor and with loyal co-operation on the part of every member of the staff, these plans for improvement have, to a large degree, been accomplished.

The size of the regular edition was increased from twelve to sixteen pages, twenty pages being used during the holidays when additional space was desired for advertisers. The attractiveness of the paper was enhanced by the purchase of new front page designs and several small cuts for the inside pages. The literary material has been gathered largely from the productions, both secular and religious, of the student body and faculty of the school, the aim of the staff being to produce an attractive, well-balanced college paper, larger and better than ever before, and without an increase in the subscription price.

By means of a well directed publicity program and the support of practically every student, the list of subscribers was substantially increased. Nine hundred copies of the first issue were required, and thereafter, the average circulation was nearly seven hundred. This year it can truthfully be said that the Echo has been read around the Globe for, through the thoughtfulness of the staff and the generosity of the student body, every Taylor missionary throughout the world has received the publication of his Alma Mater.

The financial outlay in publishing this year's Echo has been more than double that of any year in the past. An advance in the price of subscription was prevented only by good administration on the basis of sound business principles, and selling of a large amount of advertising space to the representative business men of Upland, Marion and Hartford City.

It is indeed gratifying to know that conscientious effort in any line is appreciated. From the student body have come many words of commendation and encouragement. From the alumni and friends of the school have come numerous communications, containing expressions of appreciation and declaring this year's Echo "better than ever before." May we not hope that in the future each year's Echo will show improvement over the preceding one and that the verdict of its readers shall always be, "Better than ever before."

A. WESLEY PUGH.

ECHO STAFF



GEM STAFF



Literary Department



Aprons of Fig Leaves

(Dr. B. W. Ayres)

The first industrial institution in the history of human society was organized in the Garden of Eden soon after the fall of man. Immediately after their disobedience Adam and Eve felt the need of a commodity for which hitherto there had been no conscious want. As conscious want usually precedes material invention, and as demand usually precedes supply, so it was in this material invention. Innocent man was placed in the Garden of Eden, and, as far as we can see from the picture set forth in Genesis, every purely economic want was fully supplied, up to the moment of the first disobedience. All physical desires seemed to be satisfied. Created with a desire for knowledge, the first pair had ample material on which to exercise their intellectual faculties; but as they were spiritual beings, in order to have the rational ground for spiritual activity, it was necessary to have an accurately defined field of choice in which obedience could be clearly distinguished from disobedience. This line of demarkation between the permissible and forbidden was distinctly drawn, with the most ample provision for the physical and intellectual well-being of man. The first sin evidently did not arise from physical need. Sin entered at a higher door than that of appetite; it entered at the door of intellectual curiosity, where God's word and command are questioned as to their having any valid ground in reality.

It is the purpose of this article to go into the discussion of the nature and origin of sin, only as they stand related to a unique and interesting result of sin, which is set forth so graphically in the Scripture narrative—the demand for aprons, and the consequent organization of the Adam and Eve Fig-Leaf Apron Manufacturing Company. This must have been formed on the principle of a stock company rather than of a partnership, for the perpetuation of the institution indicates that the stock in the company has been passed on from generation to generation, while a partnership would have been dissolved at the death of one or both members of the partnership. The apron industry has been so popularized, and the demand for this commodity is so universal that the entire human family seem to be individually interested, and it is with the utmost difficulty that any one is induced to part with his stock in the original Adam and Eve Fig-Leaf Apron Manufacturing Company.

The circumstances attending and leading up to the first invention—the fig-leaf apron—are of tragic interest to the human race. The Scripture account is concrete, direct, and brief. The problem of the origin of sin is disposed of in a matter-of-fact manner within the compass of a few sentences into which are crowded almost every type of discourse: description, which sets forth the beautiful garden with its occupants; narration, with its rapid movement of events; argumentation, in its conversation. All these enter into the dramatic picture, involving three types of personality, but four persons: God, the Creator and Law-giver, appearing without disguise, the embodiment of directness, frankness, and truth; Satan, the Tempter, the embodiment of indirectness, guile, and deceit; Man, (Adam and Eve, two, showing that man under the concept of individualism is not adequately interpreted) the innocent limited personality, ensnared, deceived, disobedient, self-condemned. Dramatic interest centers in the human personality. "The eyes of them both were opened and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons."

We can hardly feel that this picture is intended to give the origin of the feeling of modesty merely and of the negative feeling of shame based upon the conception of modesty. Too strict a literalism here would rob the account of its moral and spirit-



ual implications and far-reaching significance. A true interpretation will give to the feeling of shame a generic significance, making it represent the whole realm of negative moral feeling. In fact, the feeling of shame such as is pictured here, if strict interpretation be insisted upon, is a social feeling, and the motor reaction in seeking to cover the body is very commendable. The shrinking, hiding, motor reaction, so vividly pictured here, is characteristic of all moral feeling growing out of disobedience to recognized righteous authority.

When Adam and Eve heard God calling in the cool of the day, "they hid themselves from the presence of the Lord amongst the trees of the garden. And the Lord God called unto Adam and said unto him 'Where art thou?' And he said, 'I heard Thy voice in the garden and I was afraid because I was naked; and I hid myself.' And He said 'Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?'"

What a picture is here! The imagination is first caught by the sensuous imagery of the Garden Beautiful, planted by the hand of the Lord,—a garden with infinite variety of plants and trees with flowers and fruits, of singing birds and sparkling streams—a place dressed and kept by an innocent pair, living in happy fellowship with their Maker; it is then swept on to the tragic elements that carry one altogether beyond the merely sensuous, into the realm of moral and spiritual significance. The guileful Tempter-serpent appears, the moral conflict emerges. The hesitant, fearful putting forth of the hand to pluck the forbidden fruit, the sharing of it, and the fellowship in sin and guilt carry the imagination from the garden of sensuous beauty and life into the desert of sin and moral death. Here the bewildered look passes quickly to nervous glances, contracted, cowering, attitude, and the guilty pair slink away to seek the thick covert of the bushes. The blue dome of the sky with its effulgence of life seems to be the all-revealing, all seeing Eye, from which they must conceal themselves. But the covert of bushes is insufficient to hide from that Eye, and inventive ingenuity makes aprons of fig-leaves to complete the camouflage; but the Eye which they try to escape becomes a Voice whose call no camouflage of bushes and fig-leaf aprons can exclude.

We are accustomed to think of camouflage as a new invention originating in the great war. Adam and Eve understood the psychology of it, and here we have its first use. It failed to work, because they did not understand that they were dealing with an eye that is more than an X-ray, an Eye that sees in the dark.

The correlation of physical attitude and motor reaction with moral condition is further vividly pictured in God's curse upon the serpent. "And the Lord God said unto the Serpent, 'Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.'"

But, presumably, the purpose of this article was not to treat the organic behavior correlated with the negative moral emotions, but to give some account of the invention of fig-leaf aprons and to set forth the development of the fig-leaf apron idea, and describe a few of the varieties that have been worked out by human ingenuity.

One staple style of fig-leaf apron is "Church membership." It looks well at a distance. In this age it gives gentility and respectability and is often useful in the commercial world as an advertising and trade-drawing device. It is expensive in some markets, but usually an investment in it is profitable. In some places it also is a credential for social and political preferment.

Another form of fig-leaf apron which some regard as a very practical and durable style might be called the "group apron." This style, when at all demanded in the apron market usually goes in large quantities. It is considered a very great



convenience and almost a necessity by those who are willing to associate themselves with others in acts and policies which would condemn them in the eyes of good people, if done or adopted as individuals. It is much used in associations and corporate bodies.

A form of fig-leaf apron much in demand by people who are well contented and firm in their resolution to pursue a course of wrong doing might be called the "post-hypocrite" style. Strange to say, it is sometimes used, too, by the moralist. This is a patchwork style on the order of a crazy-quilt pattern, though many of the varieties under this general name are made without any show of attempt to make a solid piece. The open spaces are frequently as large as the pieces out of which the apron is made. Leaves of any shape or condition are seemingly basted together. These are cheap forms made from the cull leaves sorted from the stock that enters into the other forms. Any one wearing this realizes that it is a very poor and unsubstantial covering. The cull leaves referred to are the inconsistencies, weaknesses, follies and sins of Christians or professing Christians, called by those who use this apron, hypocrites—hence the name "post-hypocrite" for the apron—which means behind a hypocrite.

One of the most popular modern styles is the "conformity apron." It goes in the market sometimes under the names "imitation," "others-do-it," "public sentiment," or "style." This is a close-fitting form, and is so generally worn that it often passes unnoticed. In fact, the wearer himself is likely to feel so at ease in this form that it often takes much argument to convince him that he is wearing an apron at all. Any officer in a school who is charged with responsibility of enforcing discipline will find that this apron is very fashionable with students.

These aprons all more or less serve the purpose of moral camouflage to human eyes, and some even seem to think, as did Adam and Eve, that they will hide moral turpitude from the eye of God; but in the burning light and heat of the Judgment Day they will wither and burn as dry leaves before a forest fire. The "refuge of lies" will be swept away, and the cringing reaction of guilt will prostrate the impenitent, who, from the habit of hiding, and from the nature of sin which tries to escape God, "will cry for the rocks and the mountains to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb." But rocks and mountains no more than fig-leaf aprons can hide from that Eye, and if the condemned were so hidden that they could not see Him that sitteth on the throne, the Voice speaking through the darkness in the ear of the soul would forever and forever keep saying, "What hast thou done?"





Christian Internationalism

The Christian Church in the real meaning of the word is not a provincial church neither national but international in all its aspects. Christianity is the product of its founder. Never did it come to the mind of the Master that His teachings should not be propagated all over the world. This was His divine program for the human race. Man has tried to defeat this program ever since His divine pronouncement to the world; Christianity under the fluid leadership of men has caused it to suffer defeat. These words of the Apostle Paul were the key to His ministry when he said, "I am not only a debtor to the Jews but also to the Gentiles." In other words he expressed the idea of an international Gospel, an international Christianity—a Christian internationalism that would take hold of the hearts of all men everywhere.

The Christian Church has in a measure failed to accept this duty. As a nation and as a people we have been blind to all these things. It was in the program of the founders of Christianity that the Gospel should be preached to all creatures all over the world. The Church has failed to do this. She has confined herself to her own surroundings. The spirit of provincialism took hold of her, and even today she is behind the times, so to speak. The Church of Rome no doubt can boast of the fact that she has tried to internationalize the Church; not to Christianize it, but her efforts have been in vain, as would be ours if we failed to internationalize our Christianity. Rome gave us papal internationalism not Christian internationalism. The international mind has not been able to accept her challenge.

We are talking these days of making the world safe for democracy; this is the call of the hour. On the other hand we have forgotten to make safe democracy for the world. This is a broken world, democracy must have full control of the ideas and ideals of men and nations. All nations have permitted political blunders. "The causes of the European tragedy are now fairly clear. In brief, they are selfish, national and racial ambitions, aggressions and oppressions justified by the materialistic theory of evolution through the struggle for existence and the survival of the strongest." Nothing but pure selfishness on the part of men was the cause of this war; Christianity was not taken into consideration, any more than when the crowd took hold of the Master, they forgot that He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." Christian internationalism no doubt would have saved the nation from such an atrocity. May it please to make the world safe for Christianity. Many thoughtful Oriental leaders today are questioning our Christian civilization. Can we blame them? Certainly not. The Christian civilization which has molded the principle upon which all the Christian nations are founded! Truly it has been shaken to its very foundations. Some one must be blamed! Certainly it is not Christianity, but the leaders of Christianity. Should the nations of the world have carried on the great pronouncement of the Master, no doubt this past war would have been averted. Make the world safe for Christianity should be the slogan of today. A Christian democratic internationalism would go farther than any program that men could give us. We need to internationalize our democracy and Christianity; nothing short of this should be our present slogan. We are thinking today in international terms. We are living today not for ourselves but for others. We are deeply concerned in our brother across the water; how he is getting along socially, economically, politically, and mostly religiously, this is the spirit of the present age; in fact, this is truly a democratic Christian internationalism. But a democratic internationalism would be a failure if not Christianized. The great mistake of nations who have been once very



powerful, has been the fact that they have failed to recognize God as the Supreme leader of men and nations. Spain paid the price, Germany is an eloquent example, her empire has crumbled.

Nothing but a positive Christian internationalism can bring about a proper understanding between man and man, nation and nation. "It is a fact that every day," says Mr. Mott, "civilization is becoming more and more international." National thought, national custom and national action are giving way in every sphere to internationalism. "Races," says he, "which have had nothing in common are discussing increasingly their independence and are seeking earnestly to understand each other and to find ground for co-operation."

One of the lessons of this World's War should be at least the coming together of a world Christian internationalism. The Church should take the lead, it is up to her to do it. The world is prepared for it. Will she do it? One of the bishops of the Methodist Church in an address before a group of laymen said on the subject of unification, "the Methodist Episcopal Church is not provincial nor national, she is not confined to our narrow bounds, she is a world Church reaching all kinds of men everywhere on the globe." No doubt the Bishop had in mind the words of the founder of Methodism, "the world is my parish." The Church today is thinking in international terms.

Today as never before in the history of the Christian Church we are in need of Christian statesmen and missionaries to carry the message of peace to the dying multitude. If we as a body politic of a nation have come to a common understanding with other nations why should we not have as our main objective that of a united Christian internationalism? "The character of Christianity in our day is the two-fold one of making Christian our internationalism and making international our Christianity." Shall the Christian Church awake to the challenge? Shall she continue in her slumbers? She has already accepted the challenge, that of Christian democratic internationalism.

Wm. B. O'NEIL.





The Loud Secret Call

"Let us sit down here, brother Wharton, and tell me a story. It will be an hour yet, at least, before the **buzos** will be back with their fish."

It was a youth of twenty that spoke to an elderly-looking man some fifteen years his senior.

"Tell me a story that has a meaning, a message," the youth continued when they had sat down on a rocky ledge, "a story that will lift me up to some height that I may get a broad vision of life and hear the call of the world."

"Well, Ricardo, I will tell you a story that I hope will help you:

"One evening shortly after the sun had set, Homer Preston entered his study. He was tired for he had been working in his garden all afternoon; and it was one of those mystical evening hours when one loves to be alone and to commune with himself or to pick up a favorite book and feast and invite his soul. So he picked up his favorite book and pulled a rocker to the west window that he might enjoy the soft breeze as it kissed the clover blossoms and wafted to the room their fresh sweet scent. He read a little here and a little there. After a while he stopped all of a sudden. Evidently something in the book attracted his attention. Then he passed on to a few more of his favorite passages. But, somehow, he turned back to that passage that had attracted his attention. He read it again. He had read it many, many times before and had even told others about it and explained to them what it meant. He passed on again but came to another passage that seemed only to add force and weight to the first one. A few moments later one could see by the expression of his face that those passages had disturbed his peace, yea, his very being, it seemed, and had put on his soul an almost crushing burden."

"Oh, I know now what his favorite book was!" exclaimed the youth.

"How did you guess? I have not told you yet." Wharton smiled, half amused, half surprised.

"I have been wondering what it was; but when you told about the effect of those passages on Homer Preston I could think of only one book,—**the Book**, as you are fond of calling it. You know since I found the path of Life through your ministry, I have learned to love that Book and I have found, from my own experience, that it has a living power that no other book possesses. Pardon me, brother Wharton, I did not mean to interrupt you."

"Well, Homer Preston was one of those strong, reserved men who keep their struggles to themselves and fight their own battles alone. With moist eyes he bowed his head, so intense was the struggle and so crushing the weight. Fortunately, however, it not infrequently happens that in the midst of our struggles a loving spirit comes to us to share our trials and to give us strength and comfort. To Homer Preston such a spirit came.

"'Oh, is that you, Hermione?' he looked up when he felt two soft hands gently laid on his shoulders. In spite of himself he smiled. He always had a smile for her; it had sprung up in his being as a result of his striving to fulfill his sacred promise never to throw a shadow across the tranquil path that he had asked her to follow with him clear to that dream-borderland where, amidst infinite silence, time fades into eternity.

"'What is the matter, dear?' This time she was sitting on the arm of the rocker.

"He said nothing but he just pointed to the Book.

"'Why, what is the matter with that dear Book?' she asked.

"'I turned to it tonight for peace and comfort,' Homer Preston answered in a



subdued voice. 'I thought I should find them as I have found them in it at other times, but—'

"'But that Book, dear,' she interrupted, 'does not promise peace and comfort when there is darkness to dispel, sin to fight, a high duty to do, or a crying call to answer. Maybe it has revealed to you a new duty, an urgent need.'

"'Yes, dearest,' he admitted, 'it has revealed to me in all its vividness the picture of those who are groping in the dark for light and life eternal. But—how can I answer them—how can I?' Here he opened the Book and showed her the passages: 'The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few,' and, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

"'But why can't you?' she asked rather surprised.

"'Oh, I can; but you, **you**, Hermione, **how** could **you**—?'

"'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' That was all she said. She bowed her head, her sweet dreamy eyes looked into his, and their lips met."

"And did he answer the call?" the youth asked eagerly.

"Years afterward," Wharton continued, "a traveler stopped at a little village in far-off Africa.

"'Who and where is your king?' he inquired of an elderly native in European dress.

"'He is within,' the native answered, pointing to his heart. 'He who died that we might have life, He is my King, the King of my tribe.'

"'How's that!' the traveler asked in astonishment.

"The native with glow on his face and tears in his eyes told the traveler of a man who left comfort and honor in his great country of many churches and came with his sweet wife to their little village to labor and to die among them.

"'Too bad!' the traveler muttered half to himself.

"'Perhaps,' the African replied, 'but your, or rather our, religion—for through that man and his wife your religion became the religion of the people here for miles and miles around—does it not teach that to live as the Master lived is to live for others that they may have Life?'

"The traveler understood, sought a solitary place, sat down and in the fading light of the African day wrote in his book. But, for some reason or another, beyond the desert solitudes very few had heard of those lives that love had consumed.

"I am no prophet. But, praise the Lord! some day, brother, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose because some have enriched it with their flesh and bones and watered it with their life-blood.

"It was a secret call,—that call to our friends; secret, Ricardo, because it was a call of the Spirit of the Redeemer, a call of soul to soul, a call that every one should answer for himself. It was a loud call, too; loud, because it was a call to all the earth throughout the centuries: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Today that voice, louder and deeper than ever before, calls us to the desert and the wilderness, to desolate and crowded places so that He may return and so that men may find that narrow trail—the trail of the Cross—which leads into the Kingdom of His Redeemed. The great burning question before us is this: Who will answer the call?"

They looked up, and saw that the eastern window of the fisherman's solitary cot was being opened wide so that the home might receive the blessing which, as the people there say, the Heavenly Father pronounces on the world during the holy hush of virgin morn, just before the early breeze, sweet with the melodies of tropical birds and the rare perfumes of Oriental flowers, kisses the dreaming earth. The youth turned his eyes to the east and said nothing. But Wharton understood the expression on the face of his young friend—the strange look of one who is anxiously waiting for the morning that he may follow the secret call to the noblest service to which a human soul has ever been called.

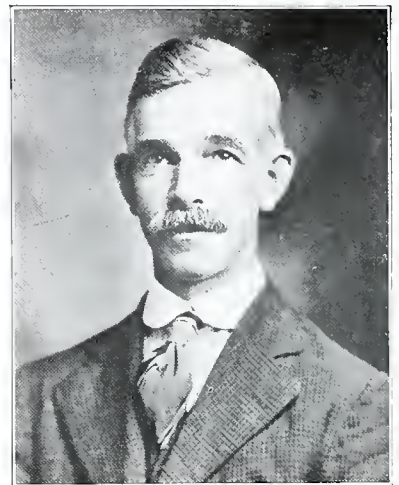
A. Q. GONZALEZ.



MRS. FAULDER,
Supervisor of Dining Hall

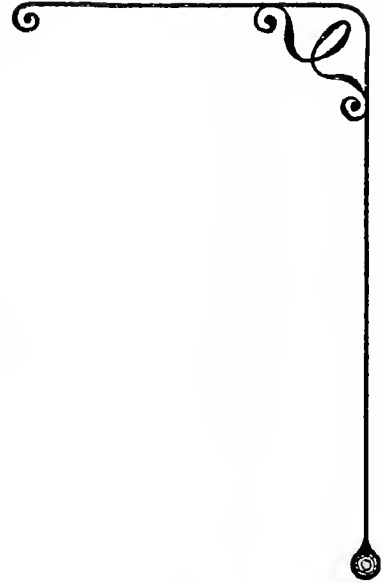
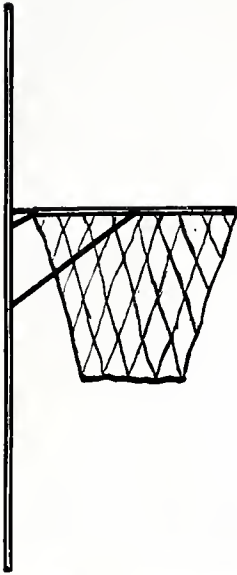


MR. KEMP,
"Uncle Joe"



MR. ABBEY,
Supervisor of Grounds





ATHLETICS



Thalos



From left to right—Conelly, Totten, Davis, Slagg, Gardner, "Capt." Nelson.

Philos



Back row, left to right—Eby, Ayres, Pugh, Webster, Seelig.
Front row, left to right—Stiles, "Capt." Roberts, White.

Philos



Back row, left to right—Rector, Ayres, Miles, Foiles
Front row, left to right—Hall, "Capt." Spiers, Stiles.

Thalos



Back row, left to right—Heasley, Teed
Front row, left to right—Gilbertson, "Capt." Faulder, Tressler.



Joy for Philos, Gloom for Thalos

The most exciting series of the season is completed, even if the Thalos did lose the game and the championship. The Philos make a real record winning three out of four contests by a wide margin. In the second game, however, the Thalos were lightning fast and outclassed their opponents. "How can they beat them?" is what everybody asked. Later they found out.

"Dell" Stiles was the Philos' high man with most points, making baskets as only "Dell" can make 'em.

Many expressed surprise at the pep and dash of Webster.

Pugh had a habit of hitting what he shot at; in this case it happened to be the basket.

Ayres always played a fast and thorough game.

"Capt." Roberts showed real class in guarding.

Eby was keen on the defense and snappy passing.

White and Seelig could always be depended upon for new "pep."

"Capt." Nelson of the Thalos was clever in advancing the ball.

Conelly seemed to be just at the right place at the right time.

Totten delighted the fans with counters caged from different angles.

Davis made his opponent step lively.

Gardner and Slagg played a really live game.

RESULTS.

Philos	32	Thalos	14
Philos	19	Thalos	24
Philos	38	Thalos	14
Philos	35	Thalos	10

Total.....124

Total..... 62

—DELL STILES.



Philo Girls Beat Thalos

How the Thalos could hope to stop the Philo machine was beyond anyone who had seen the first two basket ball games played. The Thalos lost in decisive fashion. Despite the good fight the Thalos made, they were unable to withstand the attack of their opponents.

"Capt." Spiers has a lot of energy and push and makes anything she gets into go.

Ayres created a great deal of attention.

Hall and Stiles kept their opponents from doing much damage.

Foiles and Rector always played a consistent game.

"Capt." Faulder worked hard at center.

Tressler and Topp performed well at forward.

Gilbertson and Heasley compelled their forwards to earn every point they made and were ably supported by Teed.

RESULTS.

Philos	20	Thalos	5
Philos	27	Thalos	5
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total.....	47	Total.....	10

—DELL STILES.

Eulogonians



Back row, left to right—White, Shilling, Pugh, Eby, French.
Front row, left to right—"Capt." Stiles, Webster.

Eurekans



Back row, left to right—Gardner, Slagg, Seelig, Roberts.
Front row, left to right—Totten, Nelson, "Capt." Ayres.



Eulogonians Outclass Eurekans

The basket ball five of the Eulogonian Debating Club is the champion of 1920, having won the title by defeating the Eurekans two out of the three games played this season. The latter after winning the second contest with little difficulty considered themselves real contenders for the series, but the former proved her superiority over her rival club by a decisive victory in the next game.

Inability to play together and their weakness in goal shooting were the greatest factors in the Eurekans' defeat. However, figures speak better than words.

RESULTS.

Eulogonians	25	Eurekans	20
Eulogonians	16	Eurekans	20
Eulogonians	33	Eurekans	17
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total.....	74	Total.....	57

"Capt." Stiles was a consistent performer and a great deal of the success of the team was due to his efforts. French and Webster's aggressive style went a long way toward determining the score. Pugh deserves credit for hitting the net in a pinch. White and Shilling caused their forwards to take long shots under conditions adverse to scoring. "Capt." Ayres showed ability at passing and floor work. Seelig and Totten registered most of the points. Roberts and Slagg played a good defensive game. Gardner was fast in getting rid of the ball from any position.

—DELL STILES.



Philo-Thalo Baseball Series

All lovers of real sport will undoubtedly agree that baseball is one of America's best games.

Taylor has shown that this fact is true by the interest which her students manifest in this delightful exercise. She has always had in her inter-society baseball contests, a spirit which greatly boosted the society and we are not to be disappointed this year. Many of our former baseball stars are back with the old-time "pep" and it is thought that this season's contests will be the best ever played. The teams are evenly matched and although the Philos won the pennant last year, that is no sign that the same thing will happen again.

Come on, boys! let's show the fans the most lively series of games ever played on the Taylor campus. We have the material in our societies and debating clubs that will show our baseball enthusiasts that they are not witnessing a series of scrub games. No person who is a lover of real baseball will be disappointed in our games of the 1920 season.

—O. W. FRENCH.



Lawn Tennis

Around our Alma Mater there seems to be a grateful spirit to the English for originating the game of Lawn Tennis. Taylor has produced some very clever players, and the present year looks favorable to the development of some "stars." For there is talent of the highest order and such is calculated to command admiration.

Especially cunning and attractive is the skill of the serve. The ball is served from behind the court with such speed that the receiver stands in awe. The interested spectators cheer the defeated one with that courtesy and friendship which is shown in Taylor.

Tennis is participated in by more students than any other game in the school, but the sublimity of the spirit for tennis is explained by the fact that the students are at all times ready to sacrifice pleasure to duty.

—GLEN NELSON.



Chemistry Picture

"Most Polite Man"

Most polite man in the world has been found. When a woman apologized for gouging him in the eye with a parasol he said: "Don't mention it, Madam; I have another one."

It was twelve-thirty. He was telling her what a baseball star he was. Came a voice from above: "Let's see you make a home run."—Ex.

(A duck in swimming saw another one passing by and immediately invited the other to come in.)

"I dassent," replied the other, "I just ate a boarding house doughnut and I might sink."

Jack—"How would you define a kiss?"

Miss Sprague—"A noun both common and proper which is seldom declined."

"I never loved any one but you."

"Nonsense."

"You are the light of my life."

"I've heard that before."

"I can't live without your love."

"Well, what of it?"

"If I could only tell you how much I love you."

"Same old story."

"Will you marry me?"

"Well, now you're talking."



Alumni

- Mr. Jacob Schrader is in Washington, Pennsylvania.
Miss Cliffie Beekman is in Marion, working for the Delta Electric Co.
Harley Zellar is preaching in Makoti, North Dakota.
Miss Bertha Barrow is in Milo, Indiana.
Mr. J. O. Mabuce is preaching in Missouri.
Miss Madeline Nostrand is attending Eastern Nazarene College, Wollaston, Massachusetts.
Mr. Rasmussen is preaching in Amelia, Nebraska.
Professor Theobald is teaching in Akron, Ohio.
Mr. Wm. Young is teaching music in Toronto, Ohio.
Miss Gilberta Wray ranks as a senior in Indiana State University, Bloomington, Indiana.
Miss Hattie Seaver is in Washington, D. C., studying for Deaconess work in the Lucy Webb Hayes National Training School.
Miss Joy Stephenson is teaching in an asylum in New York.
Rev. and Mrs. Joe Imler are in Boston, where he is attending the Seminary.
Miss Corey Stephens is working for her father, in Indianapolis.
Miss Elizabeth Dancey is living in Wollaston, Massachusetts, and is attending Radcliffe, Harvard.
Mr. Russell Fenstermacher was recently married to Miss Grace Snyder, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Fenstermacher is preaching in New Corydon, Indiana.
Mr. Ekblad is preaching in Gurley, Nebraska.
Miss Martha McCutchen sailed as a missionary to China and is stationed in Foo Chow. Her brother Robert is preaching in Nebraska.
Miss Olive Emerson is teaching in Albin, Illinois.
Mr. Crabtree has been in Chicago, attending the Moody Bible Institute.
Mr. Wilcox is in Omaha, Nebraska, attending Nebraska State Medical College.
Mr. Climenhaga is in Grantham, Pennsylvania, teaching.
Miss Mirtha Shiveley is attending college at Ada, Ohio.
Mr. Frank Lee of China is attending Ohio Wesleyan.
Mr. Waln is attending school at Pasadena, California.
Miss Ruth Copley is in the Philippine Islands, and is teaching in a Woman's Bible Training School.
Mr. N. E. Hanson is teaching in Kensal, North Dakota.
Mr. Helen Smith is teaching in Hillsbourough, Illinois.
Mr. Robert Williams is attending Boston University.
Miss Lenna Neff is teaching at Martel, Ohio.
Mr. Mont Oliver resides in Upland.
Miss Ruth Ridout is teaching in Palmire, New Jersey.
Miss Maude Whybrew is making her home at Midland, Ohio, with her uncle, and is doing evangelistic work.
Miss May Skow is teaching in Mount Pleasant, Michigan.
Mr. Harvey Brown is in business in Marion, Indiana.
Mr. JOE Blades recently married Miss Frazier. Mr. Blades is attending Drew Seminary.
Mr. Courtner is preaching in Woodington, Ohio.
Mr. Vickery is working in Detroit, Michigan.
Mr. Walter and his wife, Anna Skow Oliver, are teaching in Dias Creek, New Jersey.
Rev. Barton R. Pogue is attending Boston Seminary.
Mr. Schlarb is in Dayton, Ohio, attending a United Brethren theological seminary.
Miss Bustamante is attending Ohio Wesleyan University.



Mr. Chea is in Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.

Mr. Bench died recently of influenza. At the time of his death he had been holding a charge at Polk, Ohio.

Mr. Roy Michael and wife, Ella Scharer Michael, are in Greencastle, Indiana, where he is attending school.

Mr. Nietz is preaching and attending Northwestern College in Naperville, Illinois.

Miss Cora Fales is doing missionary work as a nurse in Sirconcha, India.

Mr. Ernest Giggy is principal of the High School at Hinesboro, Illinois.

Mrs. Dora Regester Foreman lives in Glendive, Montana.

Mr. Hiraide married after his return to Japan and is now at the head of a school.

Mr. Illick and his wife, Lois Allen Illick, are missionaries in Mexico City.

Mr. Roy Brown is teaching in Central Y. M. C. A. School. He is dean of the School of Commerce.

Mr. Christensen is preaching in California.

Mr. Vere Abbey is in South Dakota, but is expecting to go to India.

Miss Ethel Mabuice is a missionary in Burma, India.

Miss Amy Spaulding is teaching in Cincinnati Bible School, and attending the University there.

Miss Rupert is teaching at Huntington, Indiana.

Mr. Tressler and his wife, Marie Gibbs Tressler, have a pastorate in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Brubaker is in Philadelphia working with the Goodrich Rubber Company.

Mr. Druschell is in Memphis, Tennessee, in oil work.

Mr. C. P. Culver and wife are in China, teaching a Methodist Episcopal Mission School.

Mr. Frank Young is preaching at Barnville, Indiana.

Mr. Lee TanPiew has returned to China.

Mr. Asplin is in Boston University.

Mr. Leslie Brooke is in Columbus, attending Ohio State University.

Mr. Bushey and his wife, Lillian Skow Bushey, are evangelists of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South Compound, Sung Kiang Kee, China.

Miss Grace Ellison has returned to Chengtu, West China.

Miss Ethel Householder, who came home on a furlough, is now attending Boston University.

Miss Floy Hurlbert is at home in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Miss Joslyn is doing deaconess work in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Rev. True Haddock and his wife, Dolly Cripps Haddock, are in DePauw, Greencastle, Indiana. He also has a student charge at Milford, Indiana.

Guy W. Holmes is preaching at Mendon, Illinois.

Mr. Robert Morris is preaching at Williamsburg, Indiana.

Rev. Joe S. Coulter is preaching in Burnstad, North Dakota.

Mr. Charley Blooah is attending DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana.

Mr. Ishii has returned to Japan.

Miss Maud Payton is doing technic work at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Homer Chalfant and his wife, Belle Guy Chalfant, are in West Bedford, Ohio, where Mr. Chalfant is preaching.

Mr. David Bloomster is preaching in Greentop, Missouri.

Miss Iris Abbey teaches in the Upland High School.

Mr. Opper is stationed in Hindupur, South India, in the Anantopur district. He is in the center of the great Mass Movement and great success has attended his efforts.

Miss Jane Sauer is in China.

Mr. Roy Knight is attending school at Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Alice McClellan is a missionary in Burma, India. She is expected home soon on a furlough.

Mr. Otto Bloomster is preaching near Corey, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Ward Long is pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Portland, Oregon.



"And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

WHAT Others Say!

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY, UPLAND, INDIANA

What Mrs. Mayer-Oakes says: "In a Missionary Association Conference held here (Geneseo, Illinois), on Thursday, I told something of Taylor University and of its great work. I am, indeed, proud of my Alma Mater, which I believe is great in the sight of God. All being well, I hope to send both of my children to Taylor University."

What Walter Oliver says: "I often get homesick for a bunch such as we had at Taylor University."

What Bishop Hartzell says: "I wish to bear testimony to the faithfulness and success of the graduates of Taylor University who have gone into African fields. I do not think any phase of the work of that school is more to be commended than the inspiration and direction it is giving to those called to the foreign fields."

By their fruits ye shall know them. Taylor University has sent out more missionaries in the past twelve years than eight other colleges of Indiana. There are 1,434 missionaries in the foreign field. Taylor University has sent out more than one-twenty-seventh of the entire number.

Taylor men are doing things. The key man in the great mass movement of India is Charles W. Scharer, of Belgaum, India, a graduate of Taylor University. The leader in the great reconstruction work in France is E. W. Byshe, a graduate of Taylor University. One of the leaders in the great revival in the Philippine Islands is Frank Cottingham, District Superintendent, a graduate of Taylor University. One of the greatest leaders in the spiritual part of the Centenary is the Rev. James M. Taylor, D. D., who has his degree from Taylor University. One of the most effective workers in the building up of Porto Rico is Samuel Culpepper, District Superintendent, a graduate of Taylor University. The "Billy Sunday" of Japan is K. Hiraide, a graduate of Taylor University. But time would fail to mention the many efficient Taylor students "who through faith are working righteousness, obtaining promises, and turning to flight the armies of the aliens."

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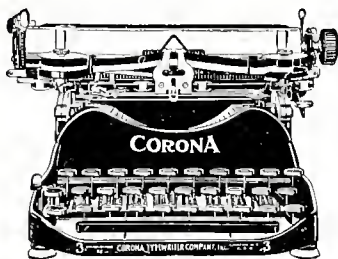
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Dean—"How is that?"

Peavy—"I see you have started to pick soft pairs."

Mr. Stiles—Girls are much better looking than men.

Mrs. Stiles—Naturally.

Mr. Stiles—No, artificially.

"Did any one ever see a mosquito weep?"

"No," replied a student, "but I have seen a moth ball."

Academy Junior in chapel—"What's that bright light back there?"

Senior—"Oh, that's no light, that's Percy Boat with his hat off."

Sign in restaurant—"Cup of coffee and a roll downstairs for 15c."

Dunlap—I wish you to understand that I do not stand on trifles.

Eby (glancing at his feet)—No, I see you don't.

Nelson—It is said two people can live for less than one. How do you account for it?

Stiles—Necessity.

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